

SHEIK

VOL. 1. NO. 3.

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adults only

JENNIE LEE

(THE BAZOOM GIRL)

This Issue:
BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER



SWEIK

YOUR OWN PRIVATE HAREM

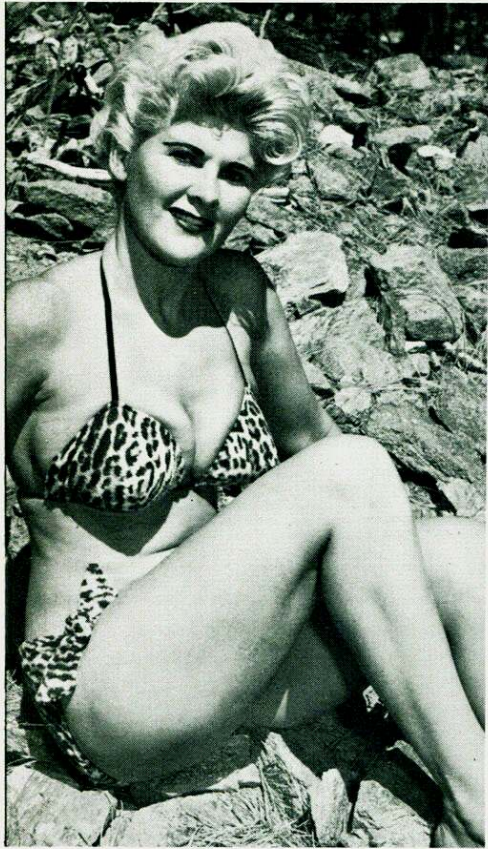
Volume 1 No. 3

Editor: AL B. CLINTON Art Editor: JOHN K. HILKERT

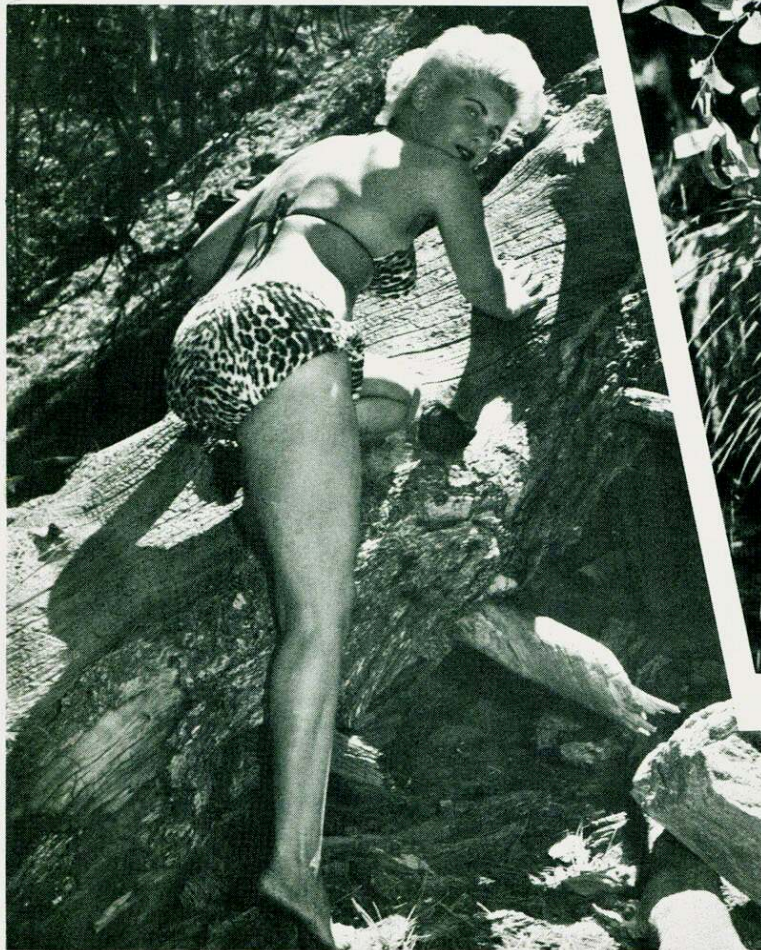
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Vibrant blonde Coleen McDonald was chosen to feature in this "back-to-nature" set-to which kicks off the third and best Sheik Magazine



Blondes may be rare in the land of Harems or Sheikdoms but none will disagree that a blonde is truly the most spectacular eyecatcher of the female species. Certainly the average man will settle down with a woman with another shade of hair but he will still turn abruptly for a closer look at a platinum tressed beauty such as Coleen, above.

Beirut Jungle

by

RALPH C. MARTIN

She was lying on an oriental rug on the balcony of her flat, idly watching the water skiers slicing up the smooth Mediterranean. The late sun appeared to make her drowsy, for the slow kicking of her legs finally stopped.

Mark Lewis, from his own private balcony at the St. George, watched her svelte tawny body relax completely. He took a long swallow of the cooling drink he held and shifted his position slightly to try and see more of the lovely shape she was making no effort to conceal. He grinned wickedly, for she probably figured being up so high and almost hidden by palms gave her an immunity of sorts.

Still Mark was no closer than ever to solving the problem of meeting this enchantress. For three days she had made the tantalizing ritual just below him and by now his mind was far away from the Suez fracas which had forced him out of Arabia. And after seeing the girl he hoped the scuffle wouldn't be settled for a helluva long time. Besides he was getting fed up fighting the searing sands looking for oil.

Beirut, an oasis of sin, was now crowded with the usual pleasure seekers plus the unexpected migration of those, like himself, caught in the throes of Nasser's comic opera. Mark had been lucky in getting a room at the St. George well ahead of the crowd and had been busily storing up the city's exotic offerings for the barren months in the future. And somehow he felt that this girl flaunting her body at him was to be the ripest plucking of all.

Only, so far she had acted as if he were simply a local lizard attached to the hotel's wall. Towering date palms on both sides of his balcony and in her garden, obscured her from the other rooms, giving him a secluded showing every afternoon. This deviled his appetite for the unhindered delights his imagination conjured up. Her figure was as lithe and supple as the thoroughbreds he'd watched at the track the

past few mornings. Except that here the stakes weren't for Lebanese pounds.

All of Mark's questions about the beautiful woman he'd found were promptly shrugged off. One bellboy sneered at his curiosity and suggested that Mark would be much better off sticking to the trade at the Kit Kat. And Mark was inclined to agree that the guy had a point. For after sampling the wares of the night club he felt that the woman of the balcony would have to have a mighty good twist to offer.

Mark finished his drink as it was time for her to end the show. However, this time it was different. Lazily, she turned over on her back, giving him a view he hadn't been privileged to before. Sitting up, she faced his balcony and looked directly at Mark. Their gazes met and entwined. Her lips moved, offering an invitation, but no sound could be heard except the muted motorboats of the late skiers. No voice was needed as she could be saying only one thing.

Mark's skin tingled and his blood pounded. "Good ole Nasser," he breathed. The girl coyly pulled a robe around her and disappeared into the flat. Mark jumped up and went inside when he heard the phone ring.

"Hello," he said, trying to keep his voice nonchalant.

Her voice was as soft and pleasing to his senses as the sight of her body. "I hope you liked what you saw, Mr. Americana" she said, in English made charming by a slight accent.

"It looked good from here baby." Mark couldn't help grinning and yet he couldn't help wondering why so easy. But what the hell he thought, the stuff's gorgeous and plentiful, so enjoy yourself boy. "How about coming up for a drink, and let's both get a closer look," he whispered, already feeling her smooth skin against his own tough tanned body.

"You Americanas. Always so eager to pluck the fruit without preparing for the harvest. No, Americana, this is my country and you are a guest. You must come to me and have Arab hospitality. First we'll have a real Arabian dinner, just you and I." Her voice was so sultry and inviting that Mark looked around to see if she was right there alongside him.

The witch was right, he had to admit. He never did go for the preliminaries. Hell, anyone living in the desert with nothing but Landrovers and bearded doodlebuggers was ready for bed before the drop of a dress.

"Okay baby, you're the driver right now. I'm ready. And the name's Mark."

The voice smiled, "Very good Mark. Come soon. Saleem will let you in." She hung up. Mark threw off his clothes getting ready for what looked like the easiest conquest he'd had for a long time.

He fixed a drink. "This I'll need, just for luck," he said, tossing it down.

Looking at himself in a mirror, he said happily, "Mark boy, you've got it. And it won't be long before this Arab babe has it too." He took a shower and dressed, all the time praising the virtues of war.

The air had cooled and Beirut's night lights were popping on like fireflies by the time he reached the fancy apartment house or what he thought was such. Like most of the native buildings, even though modern looking, it was surrounded by a high wall. He pulled the bell string and waited for the gate to open.

Just inside reflecting the yellow glow of insect lights, was the fattest, ugliest and darkest Arab he'd ever seen. His big fat fingers glittered with rings and he wore the traditional long flowing aba. The fat man, evidently Saleem, gave Mark a deferential bow. "Monsieur," he said with an obscene smile. He beckoned Mark to follow.

They went through a congested but glamorous garden and then inside the building. Here the night noises of the city were forgotten. A funny feeling crept through Mark. Something wasn't right, for the place certainly wasn't an apartment house and Saleem didn't look like any servant.

And poking from the folds of Saleem's robe was the glistening handle of a khanjar. He winced upon seeing it, for he had watched one of those

Continued on next page

TO HAVE KAREEM FOR HIS OWN MARK WOULD HAVE TO FIGHT SALEEM AND HIS WICKED KHANJAR. WAS KAREEM WORTH RISKING NEAR CERTAIN DEATH?



“His wild attack caught Saleem off guard.”

BEIRUT BUNGLE

Continued

vicious Bedu daggers do its butcher work in Oman. He shrugged off the ugly feeling for the dagger was probably only for show. This gal probably really lived it up.

Inside, the place like any Arab town home, was anything but glamorous downstairs. They went through a dark hall and stopped. Saleem pressed against the wall and a door opened, revealing a small elevator. Bowing grotesquely, the fat Arab gestured for Mark to enter. The door closed on Mark.

The elevator rose gently and shortly stopped. The door slid open and Mark stepped out into the lushness of another world. An Arab world. The room was a clash of colored confusion all reflected vividly by mirrors covering the walls and ceiling. Even the closing elevator door was a mirror. The only light came from a huge and out-of-place chandelier filled with multi-colored lights.

Mark caught his breath at the spectacle and blinked trying to adjust his eyes and thinking, to this parody of Arabian living. Red, pink, and purple rugs were inches thick over the whole floor and sprawling in the center was a tremendous circular mattress-bed. The vulgar display of gaudiness at first offended him. He found it hard to reconcile the ludicrous surroundings with the lovely sensual body of the almost nude woman lying on the bed.

Her voluptuousness was only slightly concealed by flimsy pantaloons and her firm eloquent breasts spoke to him through a transparent blouse.

"Well, my good-looking Americana called Mark, please join me. You shouldn't just stare." The gentle inviting voice erased all but the basest thoughts from Mark.

His uneasiness was forgotten now. Making love to an Arab woman in this room seemed perfectly proper now that she was practically in his arms. Mark kicked off his shoes and went to her. As he lowered himself alongside of her, a warm muskiness enveloped him causing his head to reel with lust.

"Baby, I've seen you for three days and I still don't know your name." Mark said, reaching for her.

"Names are nothing in matters like this," she said, smiling coyly. "If you wish, you may use Kareem." Mark moved closer and as he did so, his hand brushed her silk-covered thigh.

As if far away, he heard an irritating giggle. He whirled around and saw nothing but the hundreds of reflections of the lovely Kareem and himself. He watched one mirror, fascinated, as one of her hands crept teasingly along his leg. She squeezed his thigh gently and insistently. My God, he thought, I don't even have to work for it. A warm glow spread over him as her exciting and exploring fingers had his whole body trembling with expectation.

Abruptly she broke away, her eyes laughing at him. "Wait, Mark," she ordered, pushing his hands away. "It is like I said. You Americans are so eager. We haven't eaten. . . ."

"To hell with food, baby. I'm interested in one thing . . . dessert." He grabbed her playfully, but with the quickness of a seal, she slipped from his inquiring grasp.

"We should at least have an Arabian drink . . . a toast to what's ahead," she said, breathing heavily from her exertions. Her breasts were rising and falling softly and her face was flushed with excitement.

Mark grinned, holding himself back with an effort. "Okay, Kareem, let's drink first. We have all night. I don't mind looking for a while. Then you can make a full-fledged Arab out of me. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"You'd be surprised, my handsome Americana, you'd be surprised. But come, the talking makes things cold and the flesh needs something warm inside. The drinks. . . ."

Reaching to one side, she picked up a brass tray which had been hidden behind some gaudy pillows. On the tray were glasses and bottles which Mark recognized at once as containing arrack.



"HAVE ONE DELIVERED TO THE BEDROOM OF MY HAREM."

His lips curled at the thought of drinking the glorious local drink.

Kareem carefully put in the water and some ice before adding the anise brandy. Even though he had watched the same ritual a hundred times he was always amazed at how quickly the water turned to milk. He gritted his teeth, already tasting the foul liquor. Mark forced a grin as Kareem handed him a glass. Oh well, he told himself, if this was the road to follow to get what this gal had, then he would go native if it killed him.

Mark raised his glass in a mock toast. She smiled sweetly, sipping her drink and almost burst out laughing as he forced the murky drink down. Seemingly satisfied, she put the glasses away. Mark reached out and she slid willingly into his arms.

His hands worked feverishly making up for lost time. Her body began trembling with passion and she moaned with pleasure as he ripped off her fragile garments. For a moment she let him stare hungrily at her nakedness.

The effect of the colored lights on the bronze tones of her slim form was breathtaking and had Mark dizzy. In fact the room was actually starting to whirl on him.

Kareem slowly put her golden arms around his neck, thrusting tinted and pointed breasts hard against him. The pulsing in his loins drove him closer and closer. The room became a kaleidoscope of blinding colors, colors that became as one as Mark felt himself falling into black depths.

Mark fought furiously trying to regain his senses. He didn't know where he was, but the sounds he heard were familiar. He heard a remembered giggling. Giggling that was a burst of raucous laughter turning into obscenely fat chucklings.

Gradually the overpowering haze disappeared and in the colored dimness Mark saw them. He felt his mouth opening in surprise and then he almost burst out laughing at the ludicrous scene. Then he began getting angry and mean at the thought of being deprived of what he had been so close to getting.

For sprawling all over Kareem, was the ugly obese figure of Saleem. The moanings and antics of the fat man almost made Mark throw up. Shaking his head, clearing the last cobwebs from his thoughts, he plunged at the naked Arab. His wild attack caught Saleem off guard, but his fists sunk into the

oily flesh without a response.

The startled Saleem rolled clear of the girl and Mark. Surprisingly, the flabby Arab came lightly to his feet with a triumphant leer on his face. Only inches from Mark's chest, Saleem was clutching the khanjar in one huge fist. Mark stood hypnotized, watching the advancing knife.

"Mark! LOOK OUT!" Kareem screamed. "He is mad."

The cry snapped Mark awake and he jumped backwards falling to the floor. He rolled, putting distance between them. His hands groped for a weapon. Anything, he thought rapidly, fists weren't going to stop this fat boy. His hands touched and then grabbed the rough neck of a bottle.

Mark sprang to his feet and threw the bottle with the same motion. The bottle slammed against Saleem's head and broke, splashing liquor and blood all over. But the blow didn't stop him. Saleem growled and lunged. Mark dodged but felt a sharp stab of pain in his left shoulder and the arm went limp. Throwing up his good arm he caught Saleem's plunging knife-arm in a vise-like grip.

Mark knew he couldn't hold it for long and lashed out with a foot at the Arab's groin. Saleem broke loose, screaming. Still holding the knife, he screamed Arabic curses. Mark didn't have time to laugh at the pitiful scene.

"Americana - you ugly mother of a goat - for that I'll not kill you. Like the horses at the track you'll be," Saleem panted, his face contorted with rage and pain.

Mark looked wildly for another bottle and saw the brass tray. A gift from Allah. He grabbed it just as Saleem made his move. The blade glanced harmlessly off the shield. Mark

swung the tray catching Saleem in the throat and at the same time he kicked viciously. He swore with pleasure when his foot found the soft target.

The fat man's eyes glazed as he fought for air. Mark grinned at his agony and kicked again. The thick legs buckled and the knife slipped from his hand.

Saleem collapsed on top of the dagger. Mark swung his foot but a piercing scream halted him. Mark looked at the writhing Arab and winced at the bloody sight. If Saleem lived, he certainly wouldn't have any use for women again.

Mark turned away and went to Kareem. She was huddled on the floor across the room, softly crying. He took her in his arms, speaking softly to her. Soon she was quiet and smiling at him from a pretty but wet face.

"Is - is he dead?"

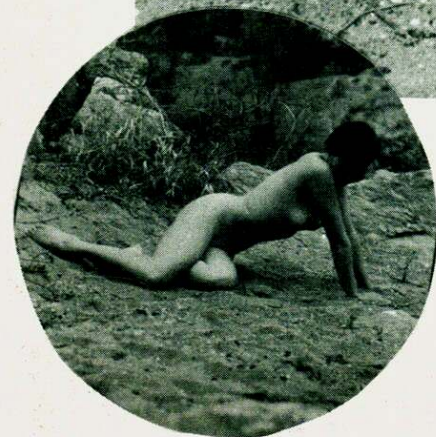
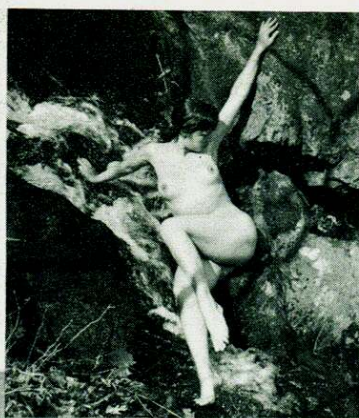
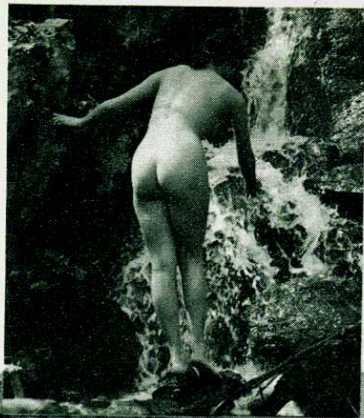
"No, at least not yet. Let's get out of here." Docilely Kareem put on some decent clothes and Mark took her to his room.

There after a few drinks she explained how she had been literally sold for love bait to the fat and rich Saleem. Bait for Saleem to get his kicks from setting up a show with someone like Mark. The unsuspecting victim would be doped by a mickey in the arrack. Saleem would then work himself into a frenzy watching the victim at work and take over at the crucial moment.

"But - Mark," Kareem whispered in a hopeful voice, "I only gave you a little - I hoped we would be able to finish the game ourselves and -"

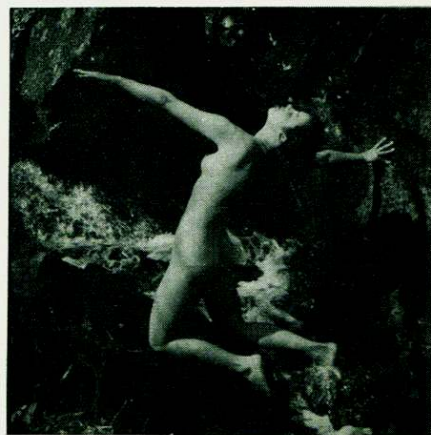
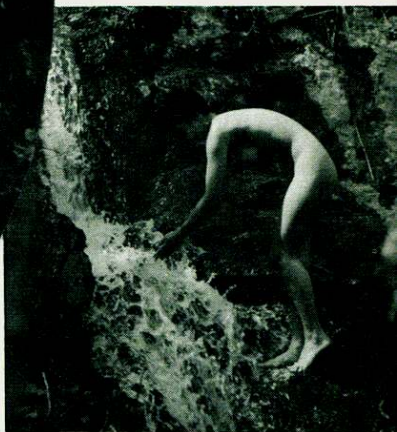
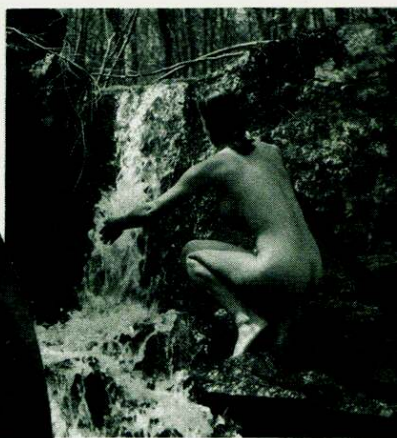
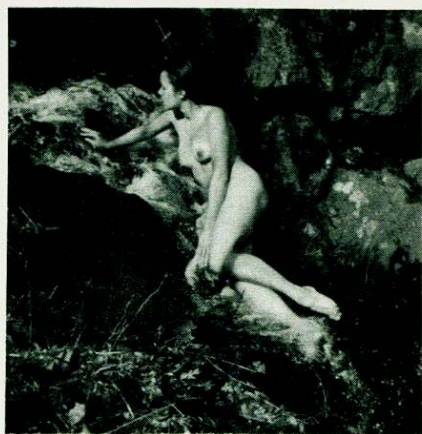
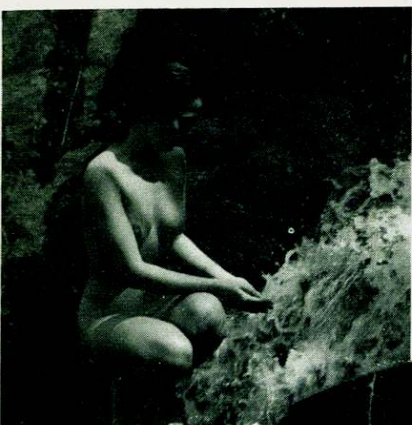
"That's okay baby. Saleem had his fun - but no more. Come closer," Mark commanded. Then he began soothing her demanding body the only way he knew.

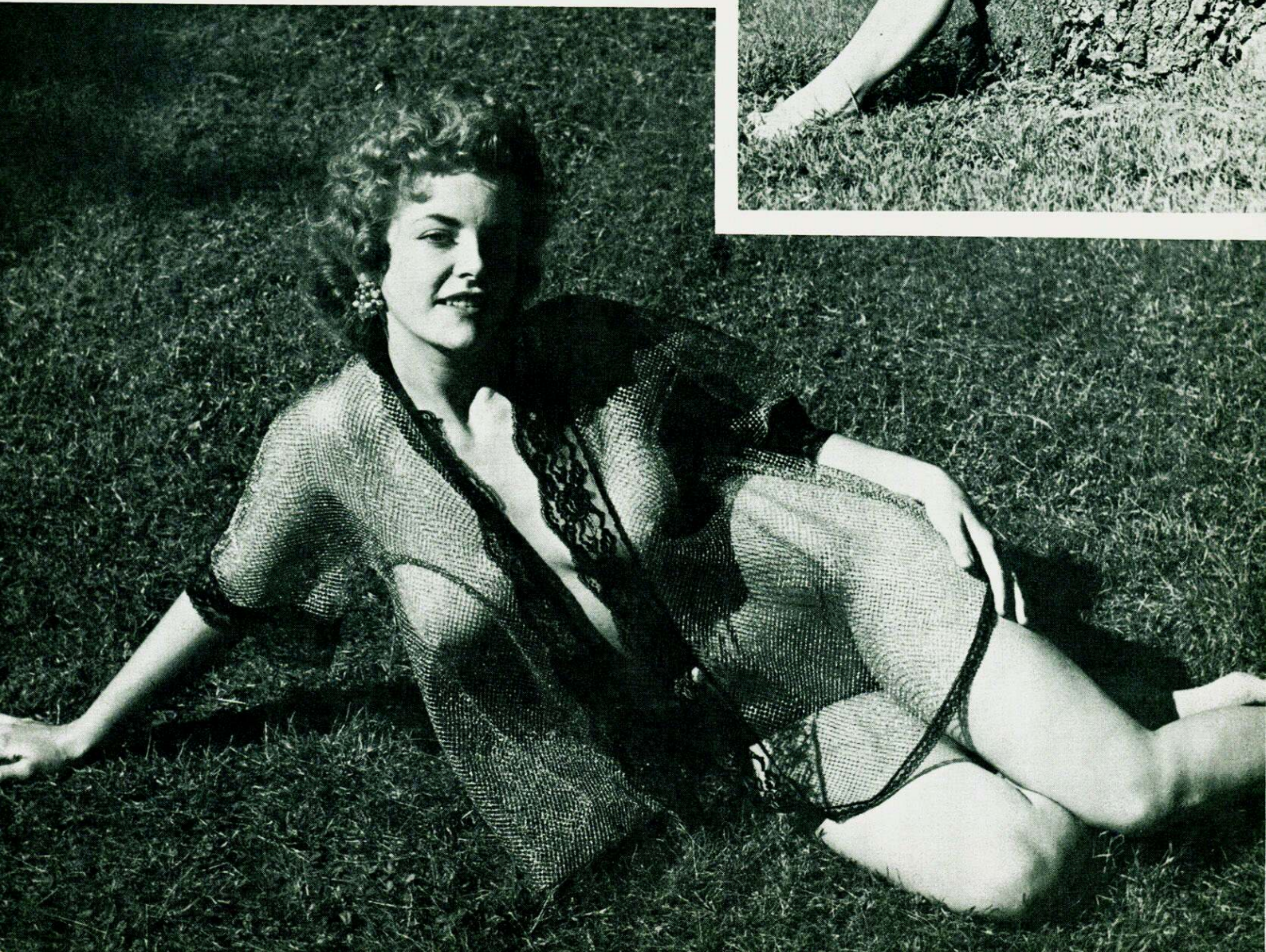




Says photographer John Wilson, "I like to limit my on-location sessions to no more than two hours otherwise too much repetition occurs. Small waterfall (opposite page) in back woods glen can be used as a background for figure work with an assurance of good taste."





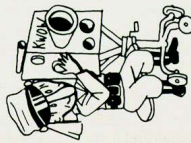


Eastern photog John Wilson waited patiently for many weeks until his request for a modeling session with Jolene, pictured here, was fulfilled. A well-proportioned figure such as this is hard to discover and once found can offer a great deal of satisfaction in each finished composition.



the Battle of El Borom

THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS THAT THERE WERE FORTY-ONE GIRLS, BRUNETTES, BLONDES, AND REDHEADS, WHILE THERE WERE ONLY TWENTY SOLDIERS



"Never had there been such splashing in the pools and such girlish laughter."

By WILLIAM G. WESTON

Pasha Sasha el Fasha laboriously climbed the steps to the top of the town wall. His binoculars slowly swept the countryside. "The Foreign Legion will be here by night," he called down to his Chief Eunuch, Sidi el Tidi.

"Are you sure, O Illustrious One?" asked Sidi who was much fatter even than Sasha and thus unable to climb up to the top of the wall.

"Positive," said Pasha Sasha.

The eunuch groaned so hard his huge bulk shook like a tub of jelly. "Then I had better round up your harem right away," he said unhappily.

The Pasha scrambled down as fast as he could. Now he stood reflectively curling his luxurious beard with his fingers. "No," he said at last. "It will be problem enough for two men of our poundage to get away quickly, without the added burden of a lot of women."

here by night," said Alexa, a Circassian concubine with long pale hair and long pale legs.

"Sasha and Sidi have fled," Ayesha cried. She was a cuddly little brunette. "But we'll show them the kind of stuff we women are made of!"

It was dusk when the twenty soldiers entered the palace of Pasha Sasha. There was no opposition and for that they were very glad because they were tired, hungry and thirsty. "Let's find the harem first," Private Jean Duclos suggested. "First the kitchen," said Johann von Weiner.

"Come on, **mon ami**," shouted Sergeant Arnaud. "Here is the harem!" "Ya," said Johann. "Especially since I smell roast lamb."

The low tables were well spread with food and the couches were well spread with girls.

"Forward!" shouted the sergeant and the brave soldiers threw themselves upon the enemy.

The only trouble was that there were forty-one girls, brunettes, blondes and redheads, while there were only twenty soldiers. "It's a man's world," redheaded Hadji said rather bitterly. She had lost out in the rush.

"You can say that again," slender brown Fatima said. "I've been here eight months and the Pasha hasn't called for me once. Now here I am again on the outside looking in, so to speak."

Johann apparently was the hungriest because he was the first to turn his attention to the roast lamb. This was not easy for about fifteen girls clamored around. He was grateful when Nicolai, the White Russian joined him by digging into the pilaff. Nicolai brushed away beauties with one huge hand and scooped up the rice with the other.

Two hours later the lamb and rice, the sweets and the wines were pretty well depleted. So were the soldiers. But the girls had just begun to fight. "After all," said a green-eyed girl trying to repair her flimsy costume, "this is only the first battle, not the war."

They all agreed that when forty-one beautiful young girls had been cooped up for so long with a fat and aging Pasha things were bound to get a little out of hand when twenty young men appeared.

Some of the girls suggested that the soldiers send for some of their comrades but the soldiers did not think this would be a good idea. "Now things are very pleasant, eh?" said the sergeant to his men. "But what if a hundred men join us?"

No, the men agreed, that would only cause great trouble. "We must be brave soldiers," Jean Duclos said while petting a little blonde. "What we lack in numbers we must make up for with vigor and determination."

"Now you're singing sweet," said Ted, the young American corporal, and reached for a brunette.

It was a big night in the harem that first night. Never had there been such splashing in the pools and such girlish laughter as the soldiers chased lovely girls through the corridors. Or vice versa.

After the first few hectic days order of a sort was obtained by assigning a number to each girl and seeing to it number 41 had her inning before number 1 came up to bat again. This caused a certain amount of grumbling among the men because some of the girls were very popular but it wasn't serious. "They are all pretty," said the sergeant. "This Pasha was a picker, and we must make certain sacrifices."

"This is such a happy place," little Ayesha said as she pulled the head of the young American down to hers. "It certainly is," he said as he kissed her and gently pulled aside the filmy vest she wore. "I never heard so much laughing, squealing and ecstatic screaming."

The soldiers were stationed in the palace over two months. During this time they lost an average of ten pounds while the girls had gained an average of three pounds each.

"I hope we don't have to go into action," the sergeant said as he surveyed his hollow-eyed warriors.

"What do you call this?" Jean Duclos asked a little wearily. By now it was taking considerably longer to work through from number 1 to number 41.

Then the word came that an enemy force was approaching. The soldiers said goodbye and it was noted that numbers 5, 7, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 23, 26, 31, 33, 34, 36 and 40 did not respond to their farewells. "They are the ones that know for sure they are pregnant," said number 3 to the sergeant.

Pasha Sasha rode at the head of the approaching column. "I can't understand why you waited so long, O Illustrious One," said the Chief Eunuch.

The Pasha smiled. "You would understand if you had to try to satisfy forty-one young women," he said. "I think they won't bother me for a long time. I wouldn't be surprised if they aren't too busy raising their own Foreign Legion."

THE END



While the Vizier was on a special trip for the Pasha with strict orders to photograph beautiful young girls that might someday be added to his harem, these pictures were taken. But much to the Pasha's displeasure the girl has become lost and the only thing he has to show for the troubles are these pictures.



Unfortunately, for anyone rich enough to own a harem, this maiden would not be interested. However, she did become so interested in the modeling stint with the Vizier that she is now a professional model.





Discovered in a cool oasis refreshing herself, this lovely creature soon disappeared into the desert whence she came and to this day a photographer sits wistfully with camera in hand in a distant oasis hoping for her return.



By WILLIAM G. WESTON

Pasha Ahmed Ben Mourad scowled at his fat vizir. "You don't do anything right, Yussuf," he cried. "I should have had you strangled long ago. I sent you to look for a man with certain qualifications to — ah — represent me. And you bring me this monstrosity. He looks more like an elephant than a man."

"Indeed, O exalted one, he is called Mustafa the Elephant," said Yussuf who was trembling violently. "But not only because of his huge nose and ears."

Mustafa blushed happily. "It is true, O Lord of the Earth," he said modestly.

"How could such a freak impersonate me?" the pasha said irritably.

"Look, excellency," Yussuf said, his round face quivering with eagerness. "He is well-built, noticeably like you—"

"True. But—"

"And his eyes are black and sparkling, just like yours."

"I noticed that," the pasha said. "They are not as commanding and imperious as mine though."

"But who would notice it in that dim light?" Yussuf asked. "And, if you will permit me to say so, his voice has your same pleasing quality I have so long admired."

"But what good is all that?" the pasha demanded. "As soon as they saw or came into contact with that nose or those ears they would know something was wrong."

"Wait, O Great One," Yussuf said. "Observe the bony structure of Mustafa's face. It is the same as yours. So what are big noses and ears to a plastic surgeon?"

"I don't see the necessity for going to so much trouble," the pasha said peevishly. "Surely you could have found a handsome young fellow who could pass for me in a poor light."

"But none so well suited for your purpose," Yussuf said. "None who could so build up your prestige. It is not only because of the size of his nose and ears that he is called the Elephant."

"Oh, no," Mustafa said proudly. "As a matter of fact my nose and ears are a nuisance because they always get in the way."

"It must be seen to be believed," Yussuf cried, holding his chubby arms extended like a boasting fisherman. "And with it such strength and ardor."

The Pasha's Proboscis

"You don't say?" the pasha murmured. "Well now, that should give them something to talk about. Mustafa, you have heard that I have a large and well-equipped harem?"

"Oh, yes, Excellency. It must be like Paradise."

"It's like Hell," the pasha corrected sourly. "Unfortunately, a man of my wealth and position is expected to have one."

"Is there a better way to spend money?" Mustapha said.

"I can never visit it," the pasha said. "So there is talk and the people laugh at me."

Mustafa looked bewildered. "If I had such a harem I would never leave it," he said.

"I am allergic to women," the pasha said. "Although I dream of all those beautiful girls, if I so much as touch one, I break out with the most awful hives."

"Oh, those poor lonely girls," Mustafa cried. "I wish I could help them."

"Don't worry about them," the pasha said sourly. "I'm the one you're supposed to help."

The operation was a great success so the pasha had the plastic surgeon strangled so he couldn't talk.

"I know I'll like my job," Mustafa said, looking a little pale. "But I don't like that pasha."

"Just be careful and do what he wants," Yussuf said. "I've lasted a long time. Of course I am an awful coward and that helps."

The night Mustafa started on his new job, it was little dark Ayesha who first received a pleasant surprise. "Oh, I am dreaming again," she murmured. "But it's the best dream I've ever had."

Redheaded Hafiza clung to him passionately. "I know this is no dream because you just don't have a dream this good!"

Gulbehar the Circassian blonde tried to detain him. "Wait, O Great One," she pleaded. "I was a little sleepy when this started and I want to see if my senses deceived me."

Mustafa patted her and moved on for he had a big night's work ahead of him and it was important to please the pasha. No one wants to be strangled for *standing up* on the job.

At dawn he crept away through the halls dimly lit by small lamps and the eunuch on duty turned their faces to the wall as he passed them as required by harem etiquette.

He stretched out on his bed, tired but happy. "Something accomplished, something done, to win a day's repose," he said and fell asleep.

Yussuf came to see him later in the morning, bringing his food because Mustafa was kept hidden from all others. "The reports are very good," the vizir said. "Never have I heard of a man who put so much of himself into his work."

"Oh, it wasn't much," Mustafa said modestly. "I'll do better once I get into the swing of things."

"Good, good," Yussuf said. "Do you think you will like it here?"

"What a question! When I think how hard I had to work, lifting and carrying heavy loads for a few coppers a day! True that work gave me powerful arms and a strong back, which is coming in mighty handy, but it was very hard. Still, it doesn't seem right that there should be so much luxury in here while the people outside are so poor."

Yussuf turned green. He hurried to look behind the large screen at one side of the room, poked his head out into the hall. "Never let the pasha hear you say anything like that," he whispered. "He is very sensitive to criticism."

Continued on next page



"I am allergic to women", the Pasha said.

THE PASHA's proboscis

Continued

"But he gets so much from those oil royalties," Mustafa said. "Surely he—"

"Shut up! Do you want us both killed?" Yussuf was trembling so much he had to sit down. He pulled a long scroll of paper from under his robe. "This is a list of all the girls in the harem, arranged alphabetically. I have checked off the names of the girls you comforted last night. In order to avoid jealousy I suggest that you run through the rest of the list in that order."

"I'll do that," Mustafa said. "But I don't think that run is exactly the word I would use."

That night he started with Bezarde and progressed to Khasseki before calling the game on account of lightness.

"I wish they would arrange their beds alphabetically," he said to Yussuf. "I could save a lot of time that way."

"Something's the matter," Yussuf said. "The pasha has been reading your progress report and now he is brooding. You are to remain in your quarters tonight."

"Just when I was going good," Mustafa complained. "This is going to throw me off my stride."

He sat up yawning when Yussuf brought his breakfast the next morning. Yussuf looked worried. "Something's the matter with the pasha," he said. "I don't know what it is but they say he's in a horrible mood."

Mustafa started to say something about the pasha and his moods when the pasha stormed in holding a scarf over his face. "See what you've done!" he roared. He dropped the scarf and glared at Mustafa.

"Oh, your face is so swollen I can hardly see your eyes!" Mustafa cried. "And it's all covered with big red bumps."

"I've got the hives," the pasha said.

"The hives! Haw haw ha—" Mustafa started to laugh then gulped when he saw the expression on the pasha's face. "Uh—uh—I was just thinking how funny it was that you have gone to so much trouble to stay away from women and then you get the hives anyway," he said. "It must have been something you ate."

"It is not funny," the pasha said. "And it wasn't something I ate."

"You don't mean you—?"

"Yes, I went to the harem," the pasha said. "How do you think I felt reading your progress reports and thinking about all those beautiful girls? I'd have you strangled right

now only I need you to restore my prestige in the harem."

"Oh, I will, I will!" Mustafa cried eagerly.

"There's something else," the pasha said. "You've got to stop being so nice to those girls. I hear that they have been talking about how kind I am. You've got to understand that I will not tolerate that kind of conduct. It's—uh—it's subversive. The first thing I know the people on the outside will be expecting me to be nice to them and there's no telling where that would end."

"It would probably end with everybody liking you," Mustafa said.

The pasha glared at him. "I don't want anybody liking me. In the first place it would probably cost a lot of money. I want things to stay just the way they are—with everyone afraid of me. That way I get things done cheap. I want you to have the eunuchs whip a few girls every night while you watch. I'll show them how nice I am!"

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" Mustafa cried.

"Maybe you would rather be dead?" the pasha asked.

"I—uh—I meant I couldn't let the eunuchs have all the fun," Mustafa stammered. "I'll do it myself."

"Well, now," the pasha said, wrapping his scarf around his swollen face before leaving the room. "Maybe we'll get along all right after all."

That night Mustafa took a whip with him to the harem.

The next girl on the list was Titzzi, a spectacularly built brunette. He made love to her with great ardor because, after all, he had had a good night's rest. Titzzi had a strong pair of lungs behind her 48 inch bosom and her moans and

screams attracted a good deal of admiring attention. As she was also a very powerful girl Mustafa held on for dear life, expecting to be tossed against the ceiling at any moment.

"Oh, that Fatima," Titzzi said when it was all over, "she must be crazy! Going around saying that last night you did not reach her expectations. By the beard of the Prophet, what did she expect?"

Mustafa produced his whip.

"What's that for?" Titzzi asked uneasily. "Surely, Master, I did not displease you?"

"Howl," Mustafa said and slashed at the furniture.

Thereafter his visits to the harem were marked by the usual soft moans and cries of ecstasy followed by lugubrious howls.

Yussuf warned him. "All that howling and yelling is all very well," he said. "But sooner or later someone is going to wonder why the girls do not show any signs of lashes, bumps or bruises."

"They could be on places that don't show," Mustafa said.

"There isn't any such place on those girls," Yussuf said. "You had better be careful because the pasha can't get rid of those hives. He lets no one see his face as he sits and scratches day and night."

"But I have too much feeling for those girls," Mustafa said. "And they all love me, from Aime, the cute little French blonde to Zobeida, the Greek."

"I'm frightened for you," Yussuf said. "As a matter of fact, I'm frightened for myself. Of course I might be able to lie myself out of trouble; I've had lots of practice, Allah knows. But I'd hate to have anything happen to you, Mustafa."

"So would I," Mustafa said. "But I just can't do what he wants."

Mustafa went through the list again, starting with A and working through to Z. During this time he lost three pounds and wore out four whips. He thought he was doing very well, but one day Yussuf came to him with tears in his eyes. "The pasha has discovered that you have not obeyed him," he cried.

Mustafa turned pale. "And how about you, my friend?" he said softly.

"He does not suspect that I knew," Yussuf said. "But if he learns that I have warned you we'll go together. Oh, what a terrible thing it is to be a coward!"

"Maybe he'll change his mind," Mustafa said hopefully. "After all, I'm very valuable to him."

"The pasha never changes his



"O.K. GIRLS LINE UP!"

MUSTAFA PATTED HER AND MOVED ON BECAUSE HE HAD A BIG NIGHT AHEAD OF HIM

mind when it's a matter of having someone killed," Yussuf said. "Besides, he says that you have proved his virility, especially since some of the girls are pregnant. No, my poor friend, tonight the stranglers will come here with the bowstring and then your body will be carried away in a sack."

Mustafa put his hand to his throat. "You say that none sees his face because it is swollen and disfigured?" he asked, having some difficulty with his swallowing.

"No one would recognize him," Yussuf said. "And you know how vain he is."

"Now, that's very interesting," Mustafa said.

"Do — don't tell me what you're thinking!" Yussuf cried, who now had difficulty with his own swallowing. "I'm too much of a coward."

"I won't," Mustafa said and hit him as hard as he could on the jaw. Then he dragged Yussuf behind the screen and hurriedly undressed him.

The guard stationed before the pasha's private quarters stood back to allow the familiar fat figure to enter. "I see that you, too, shield your face, O great Vizir," he said.

"Yes, our pasha's sickness is contagious and I feel very sick," Mustafa mumbled through the scarf.

The guard hastily moved out of the way as Mustafa entered the room and closed the door.

The pasha looked up with a snarl. "Oh, it's you, Yussuf. I hope you have not come to beg again for the life of that Mustafa. I don't want to have you strangled until after your books are audited."

"I have not come to beg," Mustafa said and dropped the scarf from his face.

The pasha looked startled and then a dreadful smile twisted his swollen face. "So I must finish you myself," he said softly. "It will be a great pleasure." His hand shot out and seized the simitar laying on the table and hurled himself toward Mustafa. The keen blade swished down and Mustafa jerked his head back so that the stroke continued downward slashing into his belly. There was a flurry of feathers from the cushions that Mustafa had used to build up his stomach to Yussuf-like proportions. Then he turned on the pasha, landing hard lefts and rights on nose and mouth and finally a terrific right to the jaw.

Mustafa carefully tucked his cushions back into place and then firmly secured the scarf over the face of the unconscious pasha. Then he called the guard.

"Our master has taken a turn for the worse," Mustafa said. "But before he went into the coma he commanded that he be taken elsewhere so there will be no panic."

"I'll get some slaves," the guard said nervously.

"No, fool, it would be all over the palace in no time. Would you not rather take a chance of getting the sickness and get a rich reward or refuse and be put to death?" Mustafa said as he stooped over and lifted the pasha's head from the floor. "There now, you take his feet."

Mustafa was relieved to find that Yussuf had not stirred from behind the screen. "We will put our master on the bed here," he said to the guard. He fumbled in his purse and brought out Yussuf's purse. "Here is much gold. Take it and buy wine and houris in the town. If you have not caught the sickness within a week return and you will be promoted as a further reward for your loyalty."

The guard left in a hurry but none too soon because from behind the screen came groans and moans. "Oh, my head! Oouu, my jaw!"

Mustafa hurried to Yussuf who was sitting behind the screen in his underwear. "Quick, Yussuf, it is getting dark. Get into your clothes and help me." He started to remove the pasha's splendid clothes feverishly. Yussuf lifted the scarf from the pasha's face. "Oh, my!" he cried. Then he started to put Mustafa's clothes on the unconscious pasha.

The five hooded men came silently into the room. The first man carried the bowstring, the duty of the

other four was to hold the victim's arms and legs. When they saw Mustafa they bowed deeply. "We did not expect to find you here, O mighty One," Bowstring said.

"I have decided that strangling is too good for this fellow," said Mustafa. Then, noticing some signs of unrest among them, he quickly added: "But you will be paid just the same. Now here is what you must do."

No one could understand the change in the pasha, but the girls in the harem were not surprised. "We all knew he was good and kind," they said. "No matter what they said about him on the outside."

Inside the harem seven babies were born in due course. They were all boys and they all had huge noses and ears. "Just like little elephants," the proud mothers said. "But we don't care because our master loves them and they are as sweet and gentle as their father."

Outside, there were plans for a hospital and the pasha sent to America for modern farm equipment and agricultural experts.

"You didn't have *him* strangled, did you?" Yussuf asked one day.

"Didn't you hear what I told the stranglers?" Mustafa asked.

"I was too frightened to hear and I've been too scared to ask," Yussuf said. "But I've been worried about him coming back."

"I told the stranglers to take him to the brothel of El Khourab, there to serve as a slave. And to warn El Khourab that his own life will be forfeited if he allows this slave to escape."

"Oh, my, El Khourab has a rough lot of women," Yussuf said. "I'm afraid he'll never get over the hives there."

"I'm afraid not," Mustafa said and grinned.

"But still, he might," Yussuf said worriedly. "Supposing he comes back here and says he is the real pasha?"

Mustafa smiled as he stroked his handsome straight nose. "Everyone knows the pasha is a handsome man with a fine aristocratic nose. You looked at his face before the stranglers came, didn't you?"

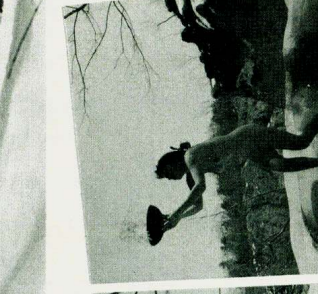
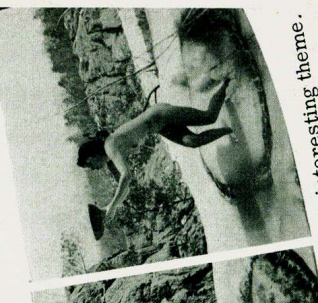
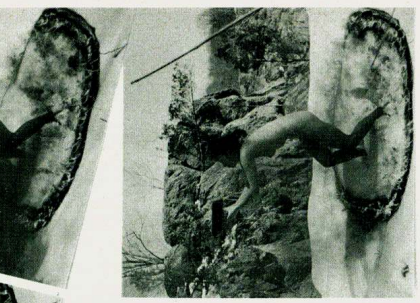
Yussuf shuddered a little. "Yes, I remember now—"

"I'm afraid I hit that nose a little too hard," Mustafa said. "It sort of spread all over his face. And, do you know, Yussuf, I've decided that when I staff that new hospital there will not be a plastic surgeon on the staff!"

THE END



"NOW THIS GIRL WAS OWNED BY A 97 YEAR OLD MAN . . . SHE'S JUST LIKE NEW



standing in snow, makes a most interesting theme.

Statuesque model posing with burning bowl,



This is not a harem girl looking for solitude but she is a model looking for seclusion necessary for outdoor photography. However, note that she is using a Turkish towel.

Discarding the stripped towel for a pure white one, the model allows the material to hang full and long which further accentuates this long slender pose. The loose flowing blonde hair gives the model a mood of care-free happiness that creates a pleasing situation photographically speaking.





An impromptu bathing scene makes this a most unique and bizarre picture composition. Actually the photographer discovered the tub near a mountain cabin that had burned away leaving the tub as a grim reminder and the only memento of the structure. The model staged the bath strictly for photographic purposes. It takes a great deal of imagination for a photographer to continually come up with something new, different, or unusual. We believe that all three were accomplished here.

Song at Twilight

By WILLIAM G. WESTON

Sir Aymon de Neuville was propped up in bed while Countess Bellona combed his long yellow hair. This was his first opportunity with the lovely Countess and he tried to make the most of it but his wrenched left shoulder and the pulled tendons in his legs made the effort too painful.

Both of them were disappointed, but then she never would have dared visit him if he were not disabled. The Count, her husband, was far too jealous and suspicious for that.

"Curse the luck," he growled. "The sight of your beauty inflames me beyond endurance."

Her dark eyes twinkled. "Perhaps I should leave," she said impishly.



Bellona sat up startled, "Sssh!
I hear the jingle of chain mail."

"THE SIGHT OF YOUR BEAUTY INFLAMES ME BEYOND ENDURANCE."

"Don't go," Aymon said. "I was very lonely, having nothing to do but try to play my lute and sing."

"Poor Aymon," she said and bent to kiss him.

He did what he could with his good right hand.

"Stop that," she cried. "Or you will have me inflamed beyond endurance." But she did not remove the roving hand.

"Knight work is hard," Aymon sighed. "Here am I, tossed in a tournament. I have been batted by battle-axes, mashed by maces and slashed by swords. There must be an easier way for a gentleman to earn a living."

"You could be a troubadour," she said, trying to be conversational in spite of what Aymon was idly doing.

"Here in Provence the competition is too keen," Aymon said. "Oh, I can play and sing well enough, but any good jongleur can do that; it is not enough for a gentleman. I have no ability to invent subtle poems such as troubadours do."

He picked up his lute, holding it awkwardly because of his injured shoulder. Then he began to sing a little song about hard days and painful knights. Also, about how nice it would be to make love to a certain pretty girl if only you were able to do so.

It was so beautiful and moving, Bellona said. In fact it was so moving that she moved right into bed with him. "I'll be very careful," she whispered.

"Ouch!" he cried.

"It's your own fault," Bellona said. "You should have kept that hand to yourself."

Once started, Aymon found that he could do very well. After all, he had one good hand and his lips. He kissed her mouth, kissed and caressed her exposed lovely white breasts while she moaned with shuddering ecstasy. "Ah," she cried. "In this kind of tournament you are truly a perfect knight!"

And then, in her moment of ecstasy, she screamed, a little high pitched scream from the very depths of her body.

Aymon hurriedly started to push her out of the bed.

"Stop that!" she cried indignantly.

"Sssh! I hear the jingle of chain mail," he whispered.

Bellona sat up in a hurry, pulling down her dress. Aymon assisted by tucking her breasts out of sight.

And none too soon, because the Count burst into the room, his hand

on the hilt of his sword. "What goes on here?" he demanded fiercely. "I heard a most peculiar scream."

"I--uh--was teaching the Countess a new lay," Aymon said, picking up his lute.

"That's what I feared," the Count said and drew his sword.

"Wait, Sire," Aymon said hastily. "The lay I referred to is a new song I have composed. The Countess in singing it attempted too high a note."

"Hmm," said the Count. "I thought I heard springs, not strings."

"I'm having a little trouble with my lute because of my terrible injuries. I can barely move ---"

"I would hear this lay," the Count said. He sat on a stool, pressing his sword point into the floor.

Aymon was trembling so much it was difficult for him to strum his lute.

"Sing, my dear," said the Count with smiling ferocity. "You know, you have never sung for me before."

Bellona began to sing but her fright did not improve her voice. As they came to that part of the lay about how nice it would be to make love to a certain pretty girl she stabbed for a high note and the screech that came out made the Count leap to his feet in pain.

"Stop it!" he cried. "Never have I heard such miserable lute playing and such caterwauling."

"But you do believe me — about the sound you heard?" Bellona asked shakily.

"I think your story is very unlikely," the Count said. "To be on the safe side I should have this knight hanged outside the castle gate and throw you into a dungeon."

Bellona turned white. Aymon turned green.

"That would be a poor way to end a knight," Aymon protested.

"The only trouble is that if I do that it will cause a lot of talk," the Count said. "People always think it is very funny when a husband is cuckolded."

"Oh, no, we wouldn't want any talk," Bellona said hastily.

"I should say not," Aymon said emphatically.

"You see what a problem you've made?" the Count asked peevishly. "It wouldn't be so bad if I had more time, but there is this small war that has started and I have to join the Duke's troops. Of course I could stab you with your own sword. Sir Aymon, and say that you had an accident while you were cleaning it."

"Nobody would believe that," Aymon muttered.

"No, I don't suppose they would. Well, how about falling from the top of a tower? I could give you a little push."

"People would wonder how I got there in my condition," Aymon said.

"Well, it's got to be one or the other, unless you can think of something."

"I'm thinking," Aymon said. "Listen, Sire, You do not like your vassal, the Baron des Malraux."

"I detest him," the Count said.

"I don't like him myself," Aymon said. "So I shall challenge him to mortal combat."

"That's a splendid idea," the Count said enthusiastically.

Bellona shuddered. "But the Baron stands six-feet-four and is almost that broad," she gasped. "They say when he strikes with his mace a knight must fall."

"That's why I said it was a splendid idea," the Count said. "The result should be as satisfactory as if I pushed Sir Aymon from the top of a tower."

Aymon nodded gloomily. "I thought you would like the idea," he said. "Of course, if I win I shall have his castle and lands."

The Count looked a little sour, but then smiled cheerfully. "You are a very good swordsman, Sir Aymon, so I shall hope for the best."

"Thank you, Sire."

"Yes, I think it quite likely that you will kill each other," the Count said. "That would solve everything quite nicely."

"Anything to oblige," Aymon said without a great deal of enthusiasm.

"And now I must go," the Count said, kissing Bellona on the forehead. "Take good care of your patient, my dear, because he must be well and strong for the fight."

From the narrow window Bellona watched her husband ride off with his armed array. When she turned she saw that Aymon had stripped off his nightshirt. He grabbed her and started to pull off her dress.

Her body was white and slender, yet fully rounded. She sighed as he kissed her, gently at first, then with ever increasing ardor.

Yet she protested. "But you must get well," she said.

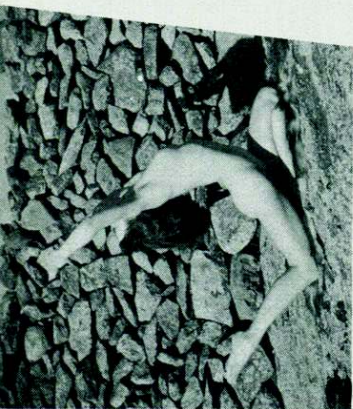
"What better way to regain the use of my arm and legs?" he asked.

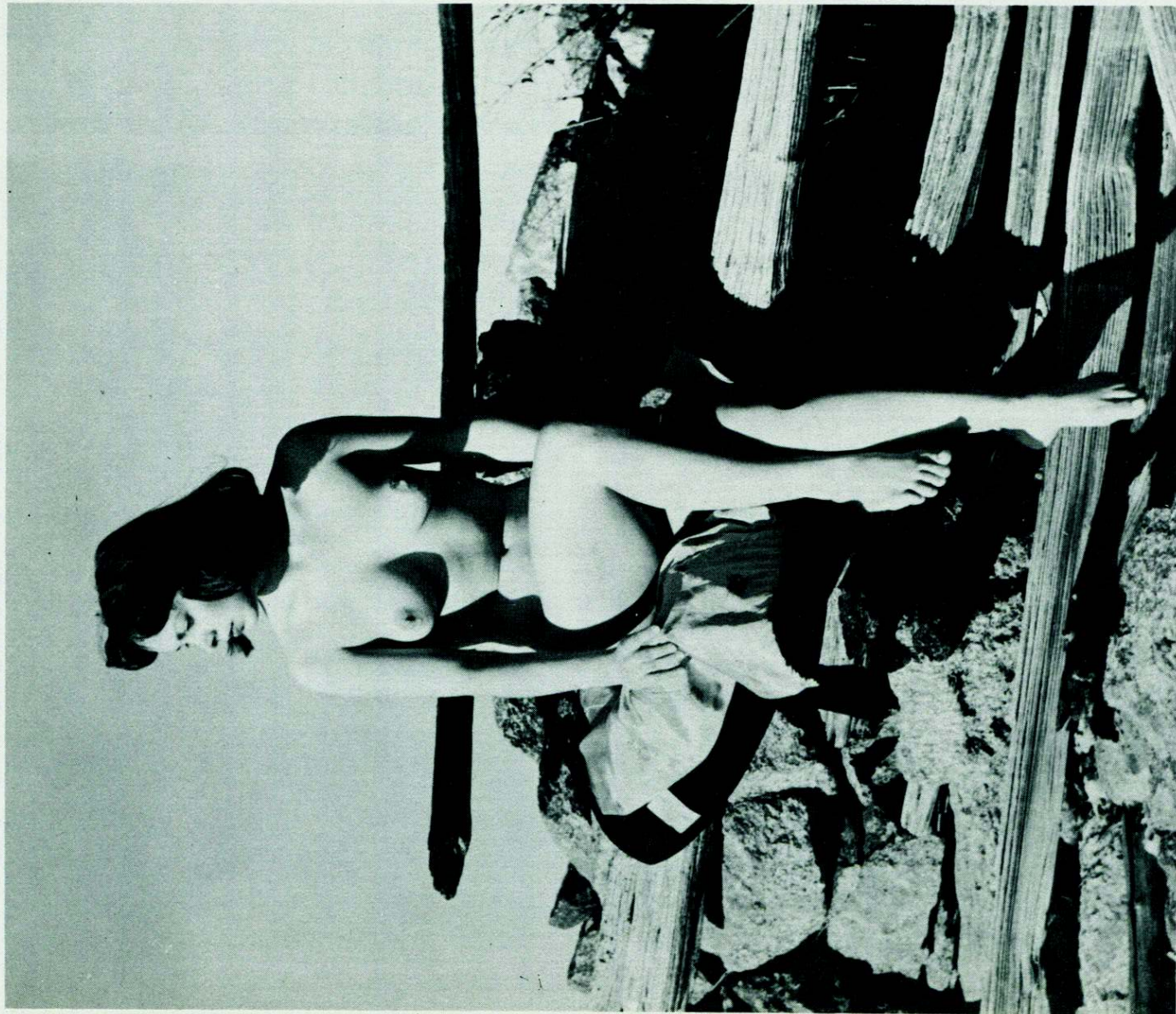
Her body grew taut and she held him tightly. "Well," she said softly, "if you put it that way — as you do — let us have another song at twilight."

THE END

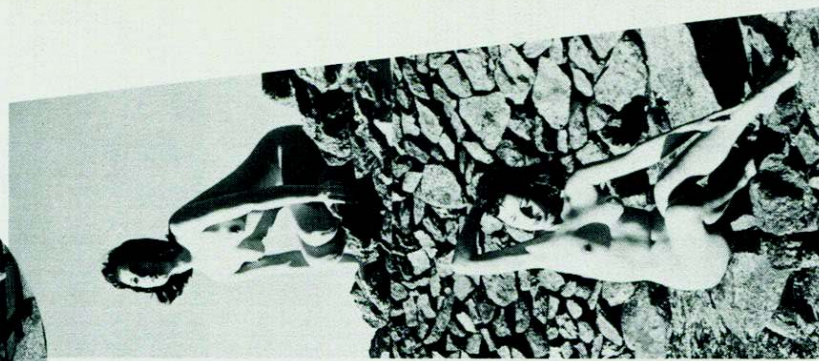


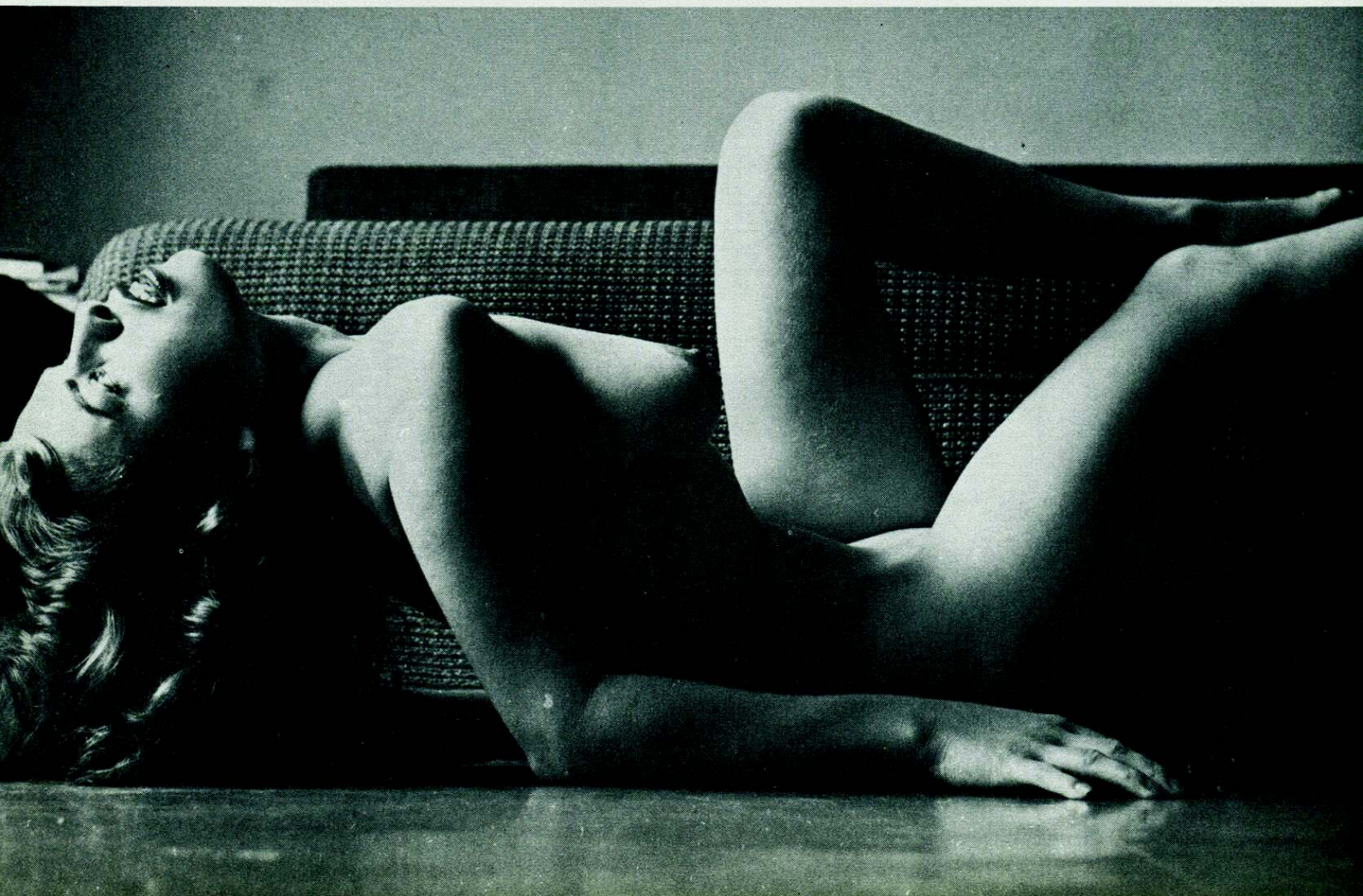
Use of a stone wall for a background emphasizes the natural beauty of the figure model with her smooth body in stark contrast to the rugged rock. This pose is so characteristic of thousands of natives on the islands throughout the world who assume this position while resting or conversing.





Coat thrown down for model's comfort ruins this otherwise well-planned composition. It is shown here to illustrate just how an obvious overlooked item can spoil a well-planned setting. This is the work of John Wilson a rapidly rising newcomer to the field of figure photography.







Charming Charmaine Cartier graphically illustrates here the stark difference between the fluffy combed out hair and the wet unkept style caused by a dip in the much too inviting swimming pool. Miss Cartier does quite well modeling indoors or out.

SHEIK



CAROL BAKER

SHEIK



HARRIET RUSSO



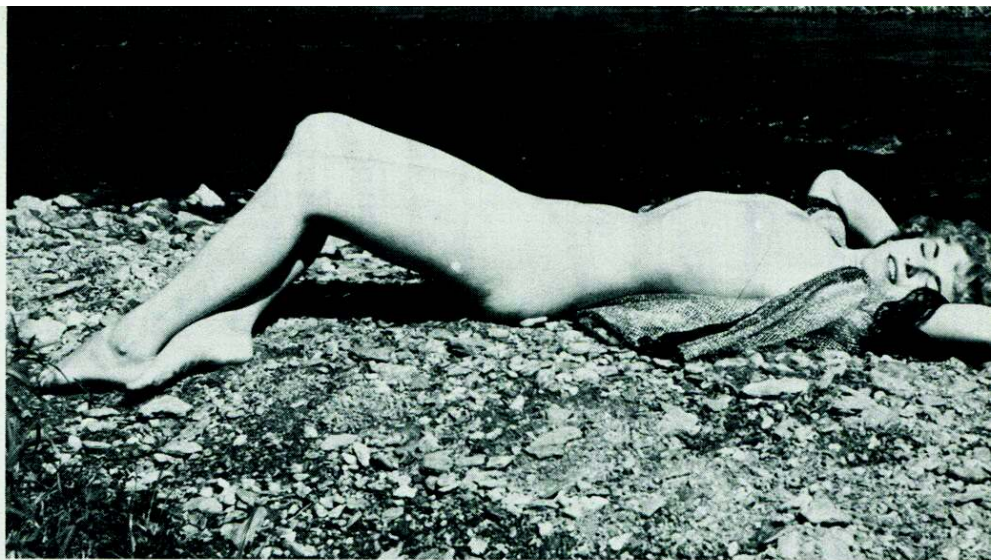
Various forms of stretching the arms can add much beauty to the female figure such as the perfectly posed picture on the left. Above, the stretch is too strained and the panties and hat detract from an otherwise picturesque setting.



Rocks, ponds and birch trees form a smooth blending backdrop for the model who is alone in her serenity in front of the camera. It is up to her as an accomplished performer and the photographer as an accomplished artist to produce an interesting picture with a minimum of aid from the natural terrain.



Model and photog have selected the roughest setting imaginable for her to recline upon, yet she appears perfectly calm and relaxed even to the point of complete solitude in slumber. Actually she appears to be sleeping in the standup pose, also, thus it seems this girl has no fear of the rugged outdoors.



OLIG HOUSE

by

RALPH C. MARTIN

"Man, did you ever have to prove you were a virgin?"

My God, I thought, the guy's serious. I caught my pants just before they fell down and drew in a new supply of air. That was one question I'd never been asked, unless you count the time my wife, only kidding, mind you, inquired if I'd ever been one. But Joe Glannon was in earnest.

No matter how I tell this, you won't believe it. It did happen just the same, right here in the Philippines. I was bending the elbow a bit and breathing the refrigerated air in the Manila Hotel's bar. This American engineer barges in and after a fast viewing of the wearied, wetted occupants, plops at my table.

I knew him slightly. Joe Glannon hadn't been anything more than a drinking acquaintance mostly, but even so I knew him well enough to notice something was quelling his usual wit. And it wasn't that damnish wet air of Manila, although his barong tagalog was ready for drip-drying. A big guy like him really sweats in that damn tropical country.

He dropped his immense frame into the scanty rattan chair and growled, "San Miguel and quick," to the scurrying barboy. I motioned for another bourbon for me too.

"How the hell are you, Joe?" I grinned. "What's with the mining crowd these days?" He glared at me.

"You're damn lucky you're in chemicals. . . . And I don't want any of your snide remarks." His huge head swiveled, "Boy!" Tossing off a second bottle, he sighed and relaxed a bit. Then he threw it at me.

"Ralph, did you ever have to prove you were a virgin Hey, don't choke."

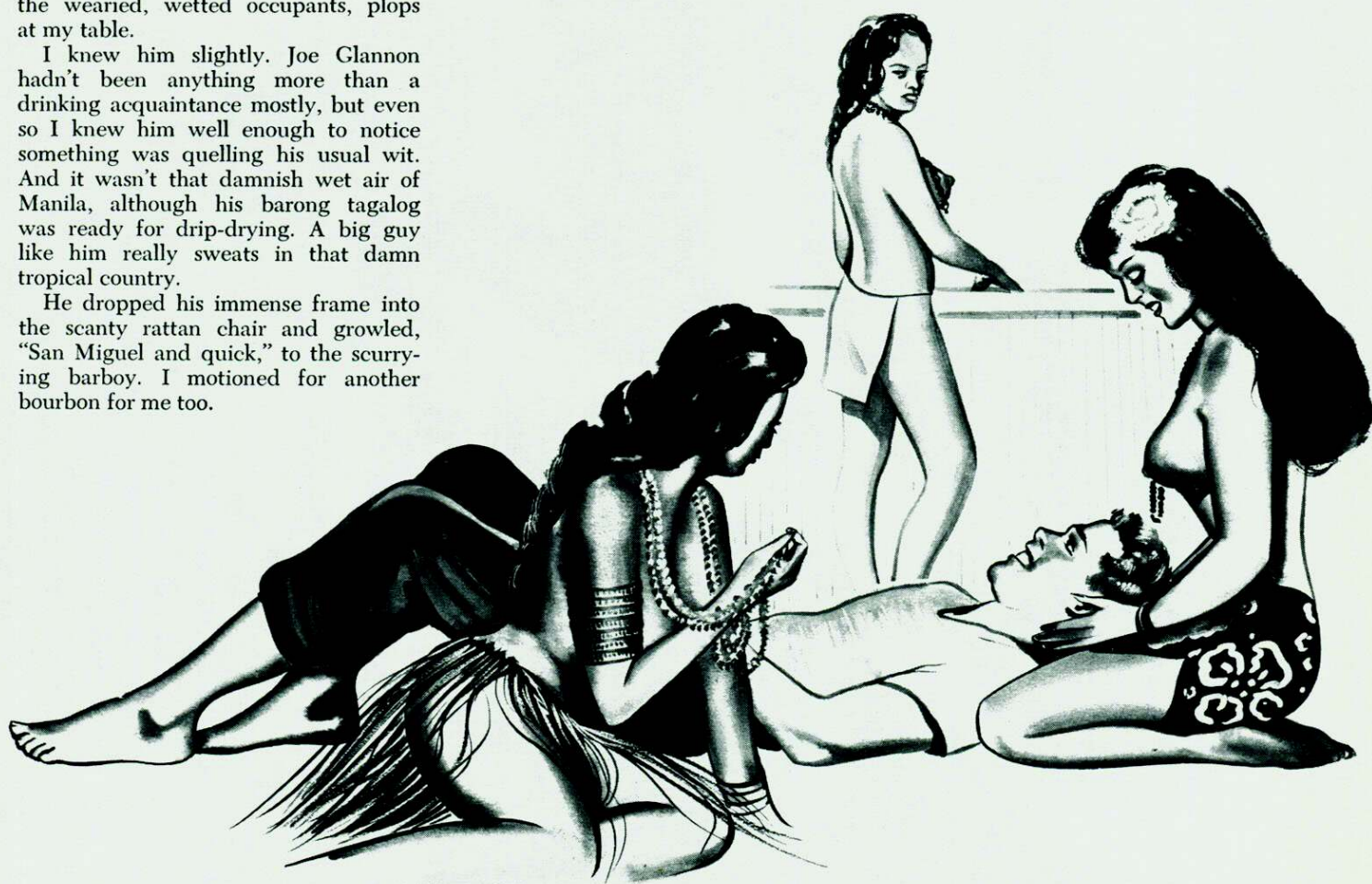
The look on my face must have warned him, for this was the first time bourbon ever burnt me. It went straight down my windpipe.

"Whaddya mean?" I coughed.

"Well, not exactly virgin maybe, but try and prove the girl wasn't in trouble because of you." He grimaced as he poured down a straight one. The barboy sidled over, evidently thinking the look was meant for him. Quickly and silently he brought more bourbon and beer.

"Yeah, Ralph," Joe continued, "Every time I think of that old headman up there, I get the pink shakes. I mean it! I see that wizened, sad face with those damn penetrating eyes, everywhere. Boy I gotta shake this Island before I go nuts." That big ham of a hand shook when he reached for another San Miguel.

Joe had just come down from Baguio up in the Igorot country, he went on to tell me. That's the mountain area in northern Luzon. Rough country even now. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if there were some Japs still holed up there. Those Igorots probably gave the Japs a rough time, for they're head-hunters though supposedly they've given the sport up.



"It's one of those try-'em-out-and-see before-you-sign deals."

THE INCREDIBLE STORY FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE PHILIPPINE JUNGLE

I've made out Glannon as a sort of bumpkin, but don't get me wrong. He's a pretty sharp operator in more ways than one. What with the metals stock piling program and the recession lifting, the Filipinos are making a comeback into the world ore game. And Joe was sharp—it wasn't just his brawn or prowess with women that had sent him up to Baguio as consultant for the Robles Enterprises. Glannon really knew his marbles.

Now Baguio has its share of attractions, just as Manila does, some that nature made to be shared and some otherwise. Besides it's a helluva lot cooler there, being a mile high. So I figured Joe had gone and relaxed a bit too much. But it seemed that it wasn't so, at least not in Baguio.

Seems he ran across an agriculturist friend of his or I should say a fellow alumnus from Penn State. Bob Parsons was his name and it was fitting, too. For this Parsons character had a touch of the evangelistic spirit in him. Or maybe even more than a touch, say a blotch. Bob Parsons, Joe said flatly, in his book, was a damn sniveling hypocrite.

When he wasn't showing the aborigines the Margate system of rice planting, Brother Parsons was spreading the word. Guess he figured that was one way of keeping his head. And he had some head, Joe agreed. Of hair that is. Joe had to polish off another boilermaker before he could tell me more about the ole boy and that hair. He thought about him for a while and finally sighed.

"Damn, if that guy's hair didn't stand out like a shower tree in full blossom," Joe grinned. "Curly red, you understand, like a Hollywood showgirl's. Made me think of Flaming Mamie back in Honolulu."

Well, I'd never seen Flaming Mamie, but I'd heard of her, as what GI hadn't. I pushed a fresh bottle of fuel over to Joe to keep him going.

Joe had been curious about those ex-headhunters and had kidded Parsons about tagging along with him once. So Parsons had upped and asked him along on one of his trips. Joe was surprised at this for he had figured him for a loner.

"You know what that son'gun was after," Joe growled, waving his bottle. I shook my head. Joe made a face like he'd swallowed quinine.

"Well, he'd said it would give me a change of pace to see how the other 'experts' operated and when we got to this damn hill village, it turned out I was to help the Chief operate his illicit gold mine. I tell you boy, all these guys have the angles. And Preacher Parsons was right in there. But I wasn't about

to get messed up in a gold deal. You know how touchy the government is about gold." I nodded, getting the picture. Redheaded Parsons was trying to make points with the Chief for some reasons.

"Anyhow," Joe said, "Parsons gave me a snow job and finally got me calmed down. And that evening, along came the Chief and his brothers inviting me to share the joys of the Olug House."

"Olug House" I said and looked stupid. Joe rolled his bottle on the table and stared right back at me.

"You mean you've lived in these damn Islands for two years and haven't heard of the Olug?" He demanded incredulously.

"That's right," I said, feeling silly. "Guess I'm as bad as these tourists who go through here and never see anything. What the hell is it?"

"Brother! Just don't try it out unless you feel like becoming part of the permanent setup." Joe wiped the sweat off his face. "It's one of these try-em-out-and-see-before-the-sign-and-seal deals. It's almost a damn legal fancy house. It's always located way off by itself, I guess so the rest of the village isn't disturbed. And let me tell you it's sure one busy place every night in the year. That's from my own experience and from old holyroller Parsons, and come to think of it he sure didn't seem to object to the place.

"Well, as I was saying, if the men and women don't come to a mutual satisfaction, they can both go their merry way," Joe went on, "This thing has its points, don't get me wrong. But there's a rub. You're not supposed to use this service just to fool around. If a girl gets in the family way and you renege, you've had it. Off comes the head. On the other hand, if you and the girl decide to stick it out and she doesn't give out with the children, you can get rid of her quicklike. Just have to fork over a hectare of land. That's all.

"Of course with a native this can be rough, for a hectare up there is hard to come by and a guys' head isn't. Usually the poor guy is just saddled with the gal 'til the bitter end." Joe yelled for more brew and then went on.

"Now at the time, mind you, I didn't know about this 'no fooling around' stuff, so naturally they didn't have to do much persuading. Anything to get off the gold subject.

"I'll bet you were quite the stud, eh boy," I chimed in. "I've seen pictures oft those bare-breasted babes."

"It wasn't so bad," he agreed, beaming. "In fact, that first night was made strictly in the Philippines expressly for Filipino lovemaking. And after that one night indoctrination, I came to the con-

clusion that these people weren't called aborigines for nothing. Everything about Rosita was original. At the time it wouldn't have taken much for me to become a member of that operation in full standing.

"And good old Parsons was right in there pitching. During the day he worked the fields and in the evenings he worked the minds. And at night he was just working. Broth-er! For someone spreading the word. It only took a couple nights with the dusky, yet enticing Rosita to bring me over to the Chief's side. After all my conscience was clear, I just made a few suggestions and I wasn't in on any of the gold.

"Well, all good things always come to an end, so Parsons and I bid our farewells. And I would've sworn that Rosita was the saddest of all, but for some reason she kept her soulful eyes glued to Parsons. Redhead and all.

"On the way back to Baguio I asked him about the girl, but he just shrugged it off. He did say she was one of the girls he was working on to show the right path. I'll have to admit she was quite a gal to work on.

"About three months later I'd finished my work in Baguio and was spending a few days just relaxing and sightseeing. I hadn't seen Parsons since our little trip and had actually forgotten him without any effort. On one of my strolls one day, I was stopped by a delegation of what I thought was Filipinos. I didn't recognize them at first, for they had pants on. It was old beady eyes, the Chief himself, and a couple of his strongest cohorts.

"There wasn't anything really threatening in their manner to suggest that things weren't as they should be. So when I was invited to their village for a looksee at their smooth-running gold deal, I didn't give it a second thought. Of course visions of Rosita didn't hold me back too much.

"After I got there I saw the holiday was over for the real reason of the invitation was very apparent. At least if the size of Rosita was any indication. And it was. So when with the natives, one plays ball and I was given to understand that if I didn't, then someone would be playing ball with my own cute, dark curly locks.

"The point was, that if I couldn't give good cause why I shouldn't be joined in holy or unholy wedlock with the budding Rosita, then I was stuck. The alternatives were to marry her there and then, or else. They did weaken a little when I pointed out, real indignant, that it might have been someone else, like Parsons for instance.

"It was their turn to be indignant. Of course it couldn't be Parsons, not

Continued on next page

OLUG HOUSE

Continued

a holy Joe like him. All I could wangle out of them was a stay of execution. I could stick around to the end of the incubation period and see, or I could wed right then. Or die right then, if I preferred.

"Being a bloody optimist I grinned and decided to sweat it out. Which I did, too, in the gold mine. And this time I wasn't treated as a visiting 'expert' either. That was the damnest six months I have ever spent. I must have lost sixty pounds and it wasn't all from work. I was worried. I wasn't about to get married to this native gal, no matter how luscious a piece she was. But shortly after I got there I became convinced they had meant what they'd said.

"One night there was a rousing celebration. They had one of those Tchungas—a victory dance—and after an all night session of tuba and passionate relaxing, I figured this was it. It wasn't though. I had no sooner snuck out of sight of the last hut when a tremendous squealing took place. Several of the girls, evidently too young for the carousing, had seen my careful departure.

"Some of those young bloods really sobered up quick, for I hadn't run a quarter of a kilometer before they had me in tow. This had been about my tenth try at escaping and turned out to be my last. Sweat streaming down my panting body, I was prodded by bolos where it hurt and forced up the steep slope to the village. In the fresh dawn the reason for the celebration made the new morning look awfully gloomy.

"The head that was sticking on top of the high stake in front of the Chief's hut was so fresh, so real, and so bodiless, that I threw up everything inside of me except my kidneys. They sure meant business.

"Til then I had naturally assumed this was all one big joke. But now Rosita, her stomach and the fresh head, made the point all too vivid. I'll admit that they were sporting about it, allowing me the benefit of the doubt by waiting for nature to take its course. Since they figured all the harm was done, they even let Rosita take care of my domestic needs and desire as far as she was able to. Which I have to admit, was pretty damn able."

"Now wait just one damn minute, Joe," I cut in, stuffing my cold pipe in my pocket. "This is quite the tale but there's one catch. Just how in the hell was the new arrival going to prove you guilty or innocent. They don't have blood tests up in that godforsaken country."

"That's what you think," Joe nodded grimly. "They've got tests. Damn bloody

ones. And they're not godforsaken, either, Parsons took care of that. But you're right. That was my problem and I couldn't tell them otherwise. I finally got it through my thick head that they expected me to go ahead and take care of the girl no matter what. You know all this crap about all Americans are rich and besides they had me by the neck.

"Like I said though, they had the sporting blood in them. Well, even up there the time finally went by. And it stretched out enough to make me swear I'd never touch any female again. Unless of course it's in the form of some American blonde or something. No more of these natives. No sir!

"Well, Rosita brought forth the fruit of her endeavor one day while I was in the mines. All I heard was the yelling. Old Sad Face even had a trace of a grin on that wrinkled puss of his when he brought me the glad tidings. I picked up enough to know I was off the hook for some reason.

"When I saw the new dynasty I understood. There was a female baby and normally they would have thrown it in the bushes, but in this case there were two kids. Boy and girl. And twins up there are so rare that Rosita was already a sort of damn celebrity. Okay, Ralph, okay keep your shirt on. I know what you're thinking. Twins weren't enough.

"But the color of their hair was. I only saw flaming red hair like those kids had, on one other person. Good old Brother Parsons. I'd been sure there was something special about that guy. For some damn reason though, right at that moment I felt sorry for the old boy. I could just see the delegation going after him, sort of, as you might say heading him off.



"SHE'S BEEN HIT OVER THE HEAD SO MUCH I THINK SHE'S GETTING PUNCHY!"

"The Chief escorted me back to civilization. I made a beeline for Baguio looking for Parsons. I sure owed him something for that six months of hell. I wasn't quite sure whether I was going to kill him or warn him. As it turned out, it didn't matter. I couldn't find the damn guy, hair nor hide. He was cute, that fellow. He'd just plain took off and I doubt if even an ICBM could reach him.

"Well, he was gone and since I still had my head I said to hell with it and came on down here. I'd learned my lesson and I'm sure as hell going to find out the local customs the next time I'm offered the local fruit." Joe leaned back and almost broke the chair with his big sigh. He looked for all the world like a contented caraboa. Getting it off his chest sort of sobered him up. I bought him another San Miguel and left him sleeping peaceful.

That was about six months ago and I haven't run into him since. But I did find out he hadn't been pulling my leg. Not at all.

Before I left the Philippines I made a trip to Baguio, the best resort area in the whole Islands. Renting a jeep I drove around seeing the famous Banaue rice terraces and all that stuff. Why I drove to the villages I don't know. I guess Joe's tale was still riding with me, for one day I found myself at the bottom of a steep incline leading up to a remote Igorot village. The jeep wouldn't make it up the path, but I did, at least most of the way. I had a hunch even as I started up that hill.

And, yes you guessed it. This was Joe's village. I didn't see old Chief beady eyes, nor did I see the dusky belle of the Olug House. I did see two cute redheaded kids playing in the mud with some mountain pigs. But there was something else there which lifted my hair and made my skin prickle even in that tropical sun.

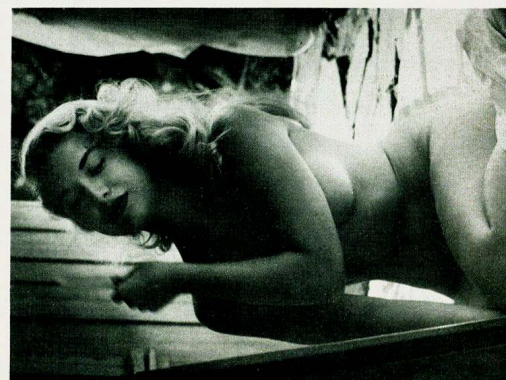
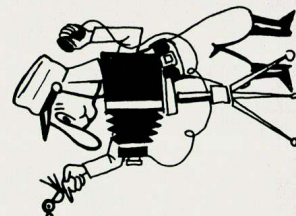
Up there on the hill was the pole Joe had mentioned and on it was what was left of a head and floating gently in the light breeze was some hair that made my eyes bulge. Because I recognized it. It wasn't as brilliant now as the shower tree or Flaming Mamie, but I could see the resemblance. And there was something odd about the grisly trophy. There was something in it, like a big spike sticking straight up.

Old Parsons had made just one mistake. He'd slipped back evidently for a quick one and his little brown brothers had accommodated him. I stared at the big black thing sticking up out of the skull. Then it dawned on me what it was and I almost burst out laughing in spite of my chills. It was a big wooden screw, at least a good foot long.



Photographed in a beautiful Hawaiian setting.





W H E E L E R M A R Y

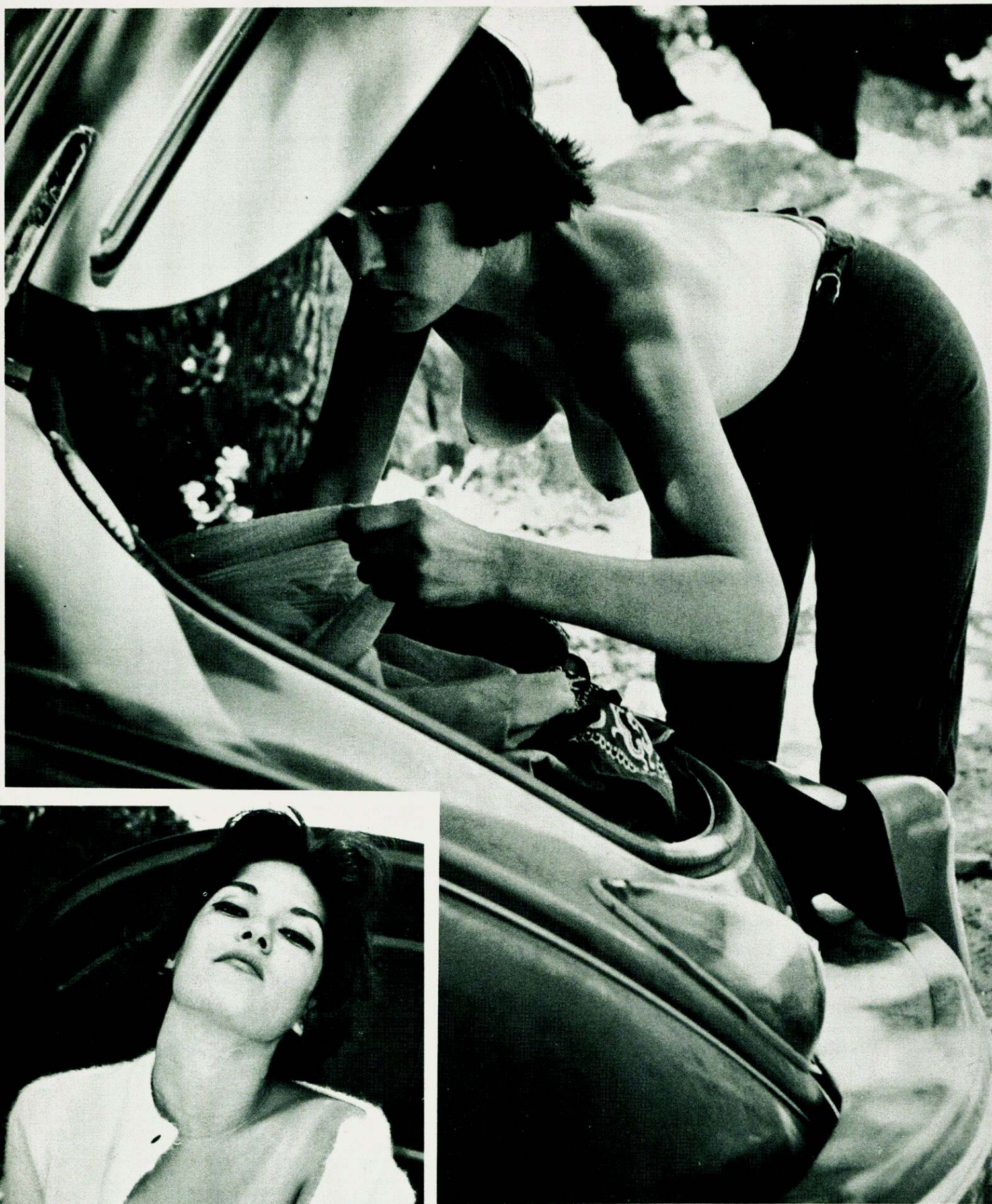


Preparation pictures are often just as interesting as the most carefully planned shots and certainly the pre-shooting makeup will pay rich dividends. There is no room in photography for rushing the model or the pose. She should have time to prepare her face, hair, etc., and most important she should be allowed time to settle her desired pose position.



Some models prefer the seclusion of a car when preparing for an outdoor session where dressing rooms are unheard of. Once on location she should be allowed several rest periods to relax

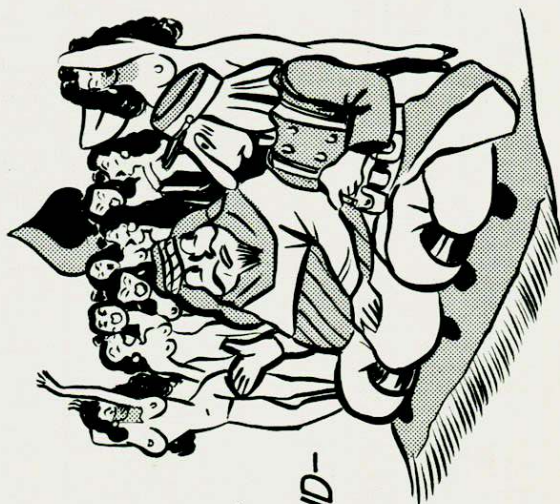




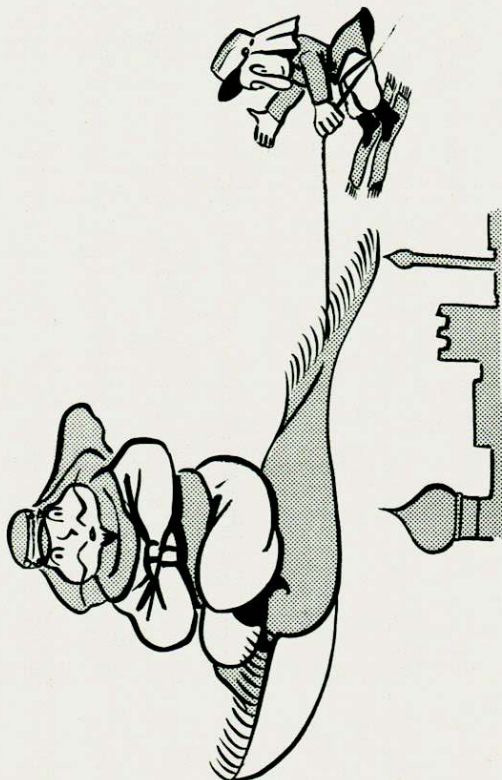
The periods of relaxation serve several purposes. First the model will not tense up from the strain of overwork and she can maintain a mood of tranquillity throughout the session. These periods can be utilized to discuss new settings, new attire, and new poses as well as furthering the friendly relationship between the subject and the artist.

BEAU JEST

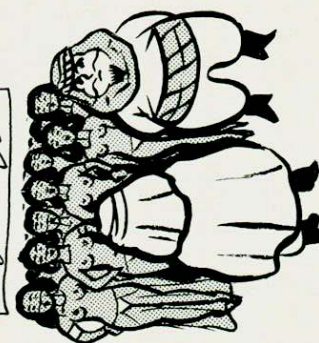
"ON THE OTHER HAND—
THINK OF ALL THE
MOTHERS-IN-LAW
I HAVE TOO!"



"OH IOHI—TRY TO LOOK LIKE A MIRAGE!"

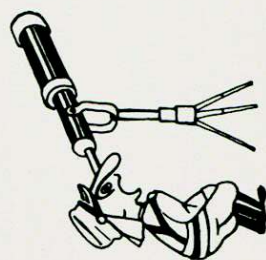
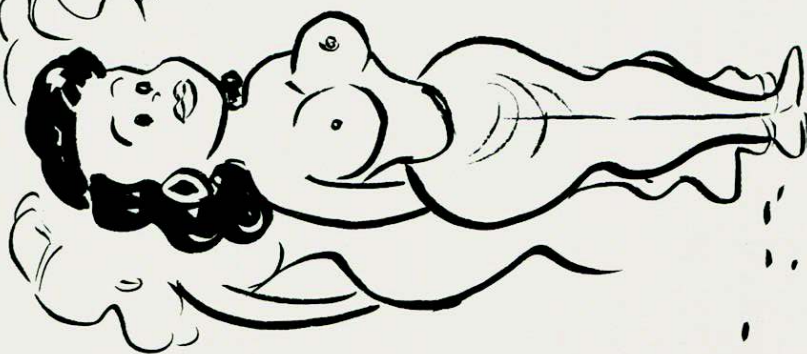


BIG
SAB
BEDS



"OH, SOMETHING THAT
WILL SLEEP THIRTY—"

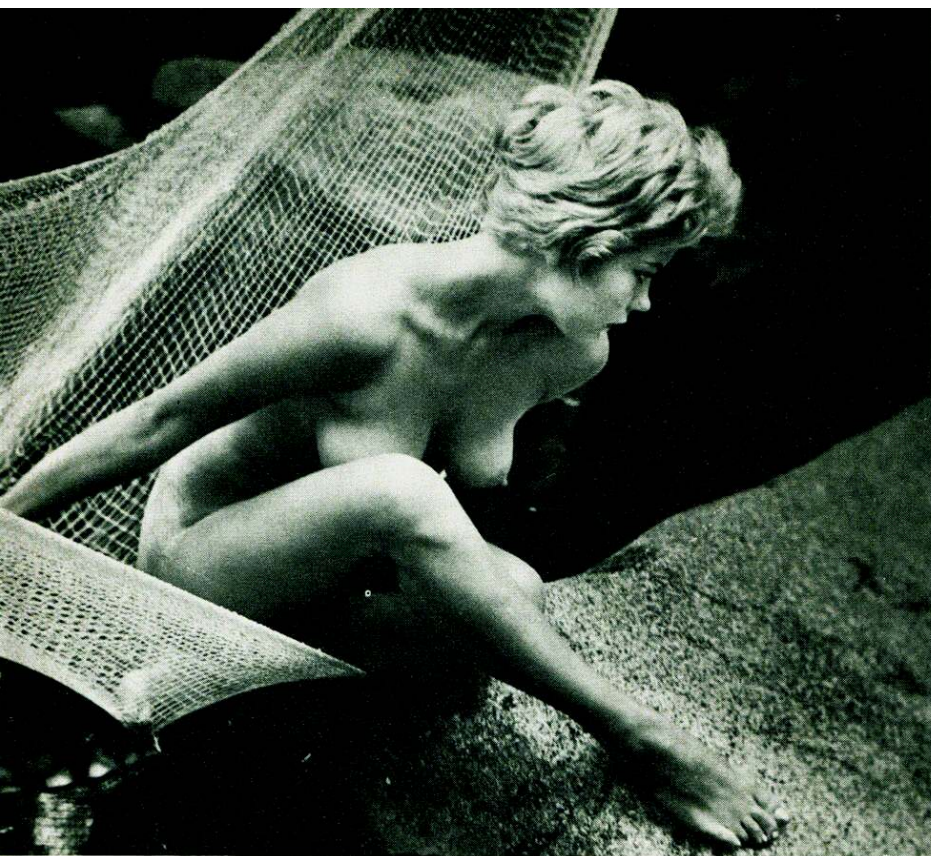


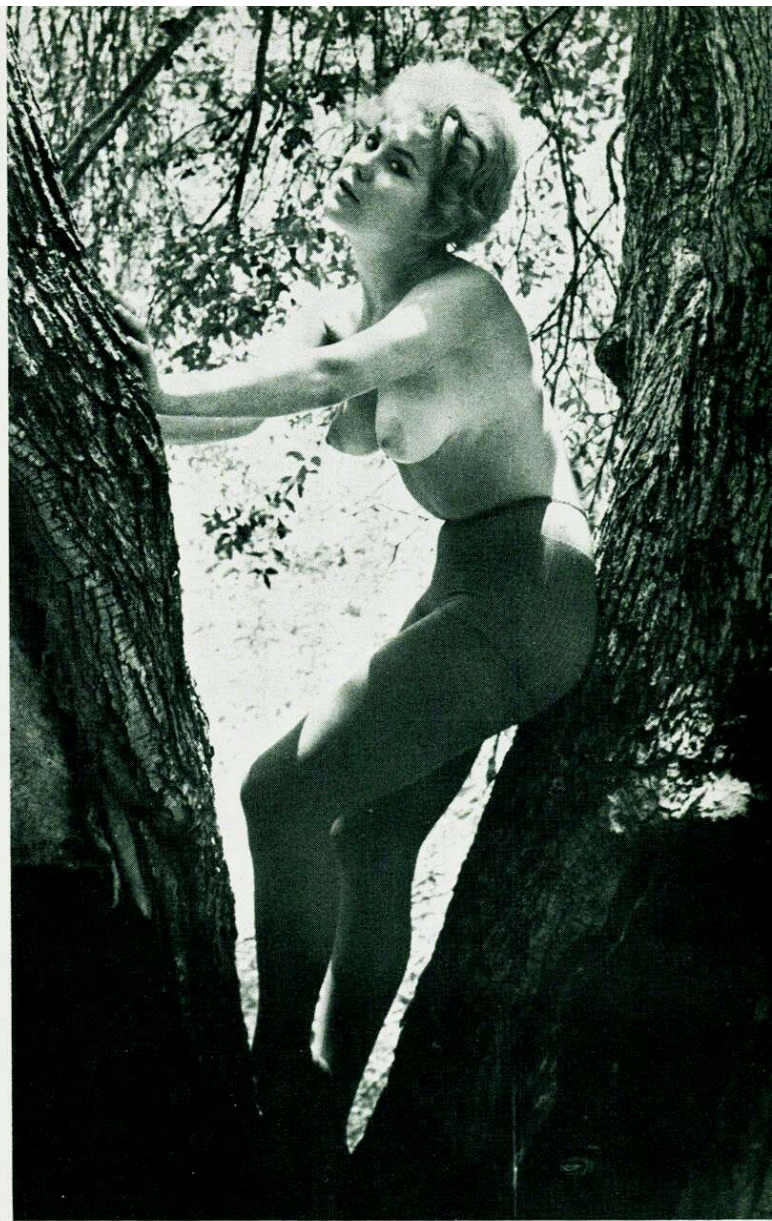


"I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIVES!"



Sheer material, filmy negligee or loose netting detract little from the model's figure yet offer many possibilities for posing the girl. White material proves the most ideal since it makes for better contrast in black and white photography and hides the model the least. This is a mixture of action and relaxation in the variety of poses.





Youthful blonde beautifys the outdoor settings of trees, rocks, and pond but notice that the net seems about to part from the strain of holding the subject who appears to be calm and relaxed one moment and in the next moment — blam! Pondsward!

LOCKUP

THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS WAS ALSO DOUBLING AS A DIFFERENT TYPE OF KEEPER

By CRAIGLINE

Sir Richard and Sir Adrian decided that it was time for them to go bounding off to foreign lands in quest of adventure. Their ratings had fallen off at court because it had been some time since their last tour. Besides, it had been getting tough trying to make out with their old ladies bird-dogging them all the time.

Yes, they had agreed, it was time to get away from it all. New talent in far away places was looked forward to with great anxiety. They would take care of the few details necessary and leave as soon as possible.

Of course, as was the custom of the day, what was good for the goose was not good for the gander. There was the matter of keeping their wives true to them while they were away. After all, they couldn't have other studs doing to their wives what they would be doing while they were away. It was a matter of principal.

They weren't so barbaric as to lock them up in cells for the duration of their leave taking. They didn't want to be looked upon in the court as being suspicious husbands. The answer was a chastity belt.

They put out a call for York, the locksmith. He was slipped into Sir Adrian's pad after dark.

Sir Adrian's lady, Evangeline, had her fitting. York made his measurements and calculations under the watchful eye of her spouse. When he had finished, he promised Sir Adrian the belt would be ready on the morrow. Adrian bade him do his work well, and let him out.

York fashioned the object with great care from leather and iron. He had to make it so that it would be as comfortable as possible, and so it would allow the lady to answer the calls of nature. At the same time it had to be designed so as to make philandering an impossibility.



York had always done his work well. He had had no complaints from any of his customers. He had the reputation of being the best damned chastity belt maker in the land. Knights and noblemen came from all over the provinces to purchase his wares.

York took the belt to Sir Adrian's the next day and presented him with the keys. Adrian paid him and gave him thanks. York then rode to Sir Richard's villa. He had a package for him too.

Late that afternoon, Sir Richard and Sir Adrian kissed their ladies farewell and rode off to seek their new conquests.

The moon was full and shone down on the figure as he dismounted from his steed by the villa wall. This he scaled to the balcony and tapped on the lighted window.

"Who's there?" came the feminine voice from within.

"The keeper of the keys," was his reply.

The window was opened and he hastily entered.

After their initial embrace, he spoke again. "Evangeline, I thought Sir Adrian would never get the wanderlust again. I have desired thee for some time past."

"And I thee," she whispered in his ear. "Get this damned thing off of me."

He did.

After he had fondly gazed at the bed sheets and she at the ceiling, they arose.

"Must you take your leave now, my precious?" she asked, half pouting.

He smiled. "Yes milady, I must. I have a reputation amongst the noblemen that I must maintain. I also have one to maintain with their ladies."

He locked her back into her leather girdle and turned to the window. He walked to it, whistling, twirling the ring of keys on his finger.

END

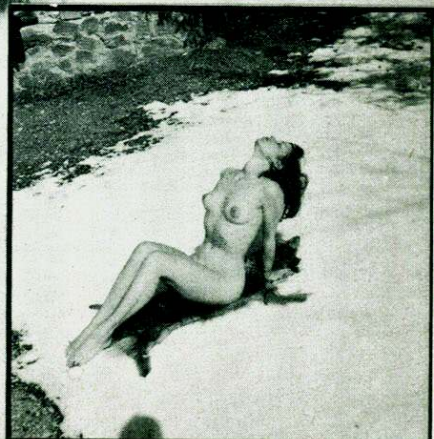
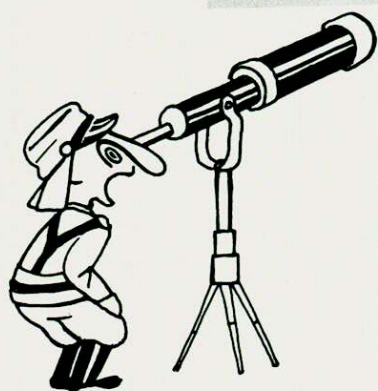
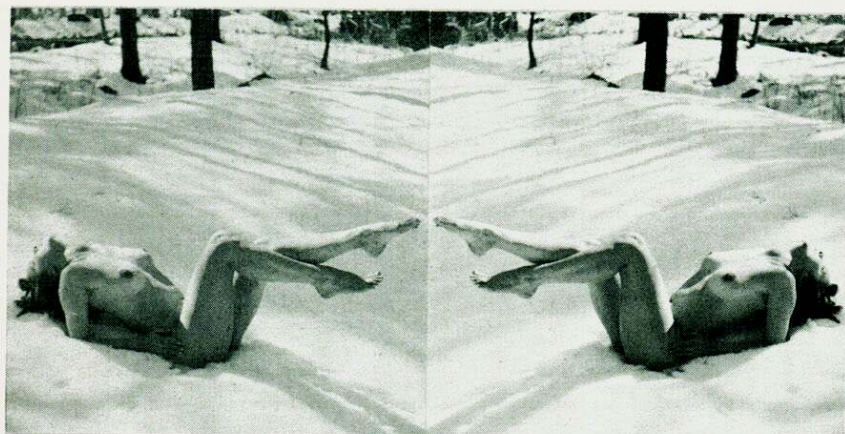
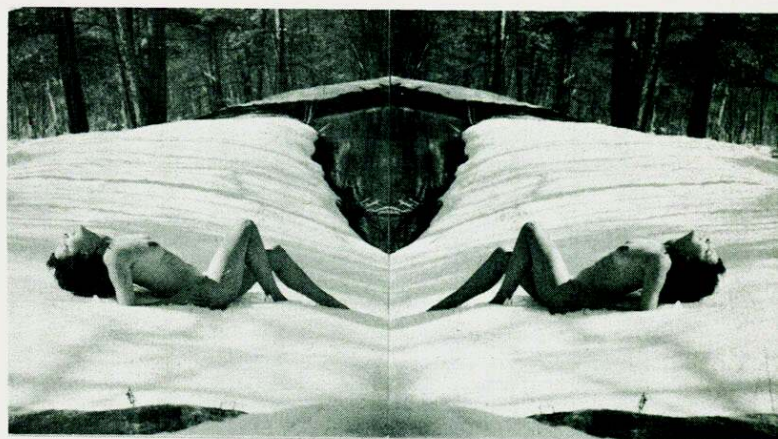
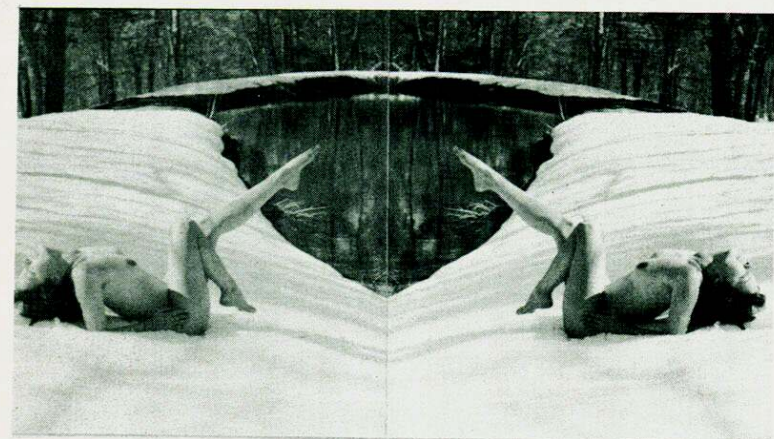
SHEIK

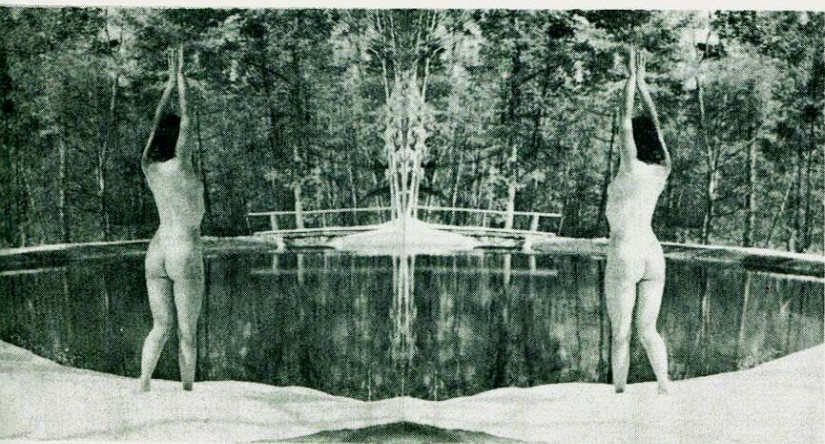
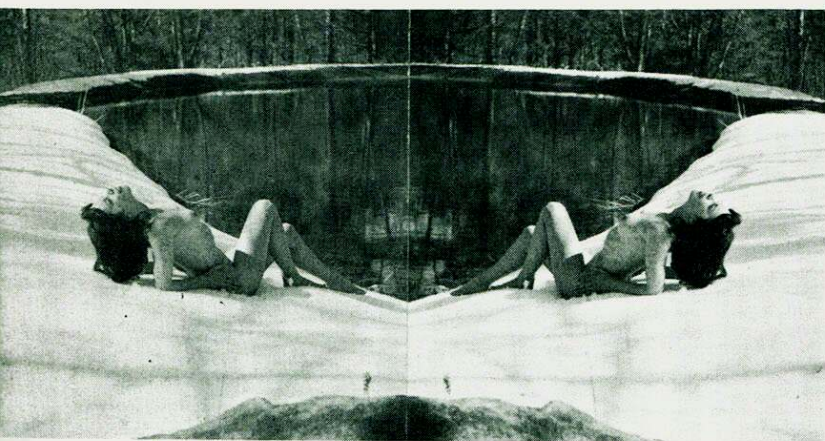
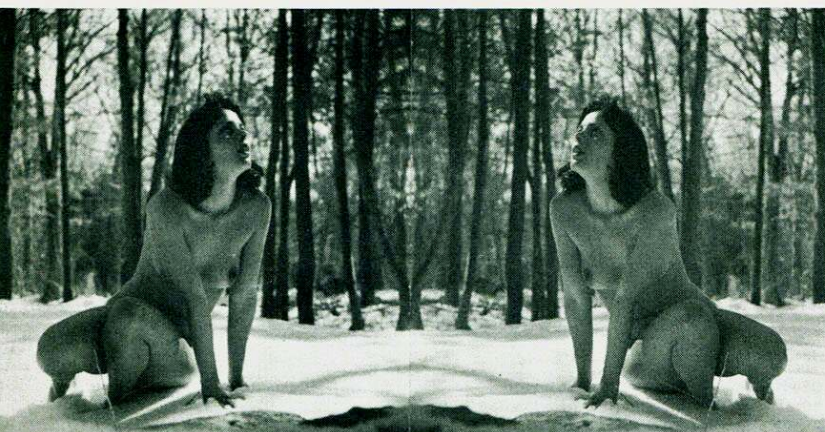
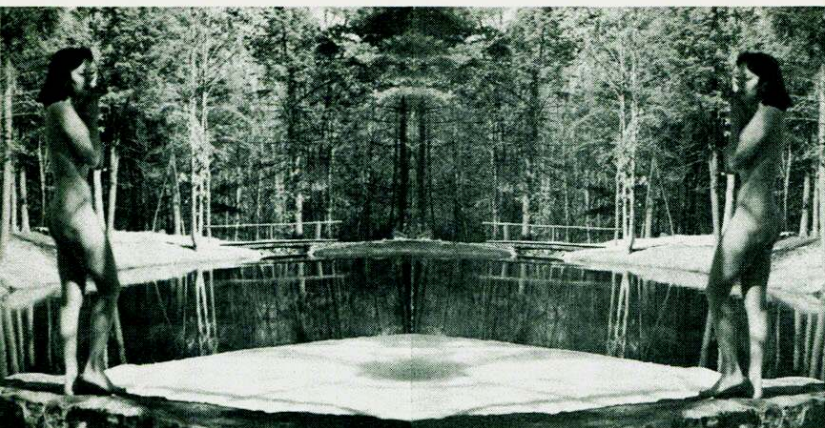


“YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG ADDRESS THAT ISN'T THE WAY I ENJOY MY EVENINGS!”



The wet clinging gown adds a rather humorous touch to the picture at the left, at least the model seems happy about the situation. Above the model is most fetching in a flaring pair of shorts and she was so attractive that a bee stung her on the leg. She captured him with a slap of the hands but a painful welt began to rise immediately.





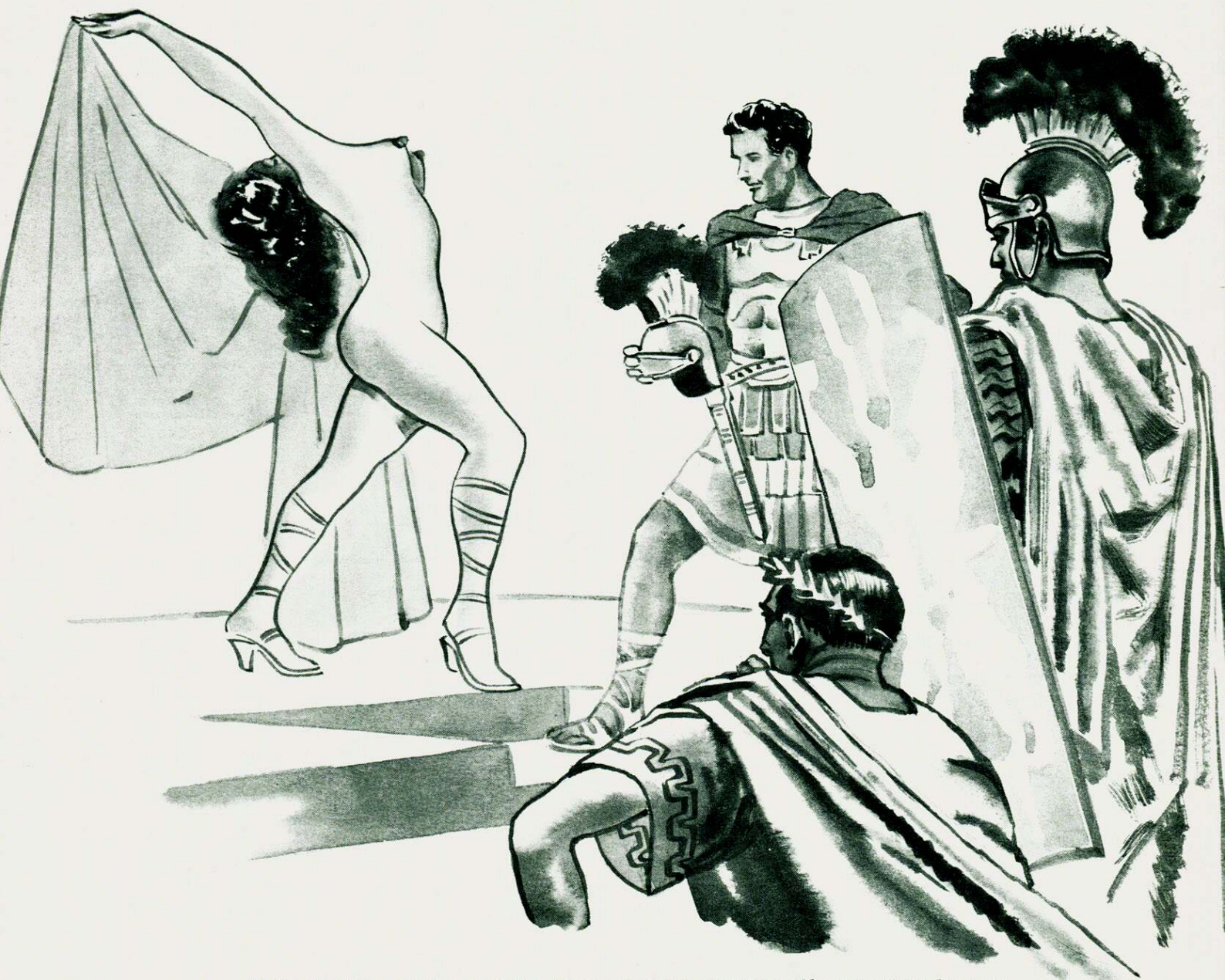
You may have figured by now that we have used identical photos to create a mirrored effect with several pictures on these two pages. The model worked for several hours in the snow without complaining but seemed grateful for the use of the wolf hide for protection from the penetrating cold.



Bashful newcomer to the modeling profession was reluctant to disrobe at first which is often the case. She posed in various semi-clad poses before allowing the last picture on the next page. About two inches of grass was added to the picture to make a taller, fuller picture. The spliced grass line can be seen two inches from the bottom.



RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN



“The Sabine chicks and the Romas were orgying all over the place.”

By **CONNIE SELLERS**

Romulus had him a city. It wasn't much — a couple of ginmills, a mud wall and a palatium. But he was short of citizens, and blabbed around about this asylum he had in mind — a kind of Latin Dodge City, where the law would keep its nose in its pocket.

Man! No sooner did the Daily Stylus hit the streets than the creeps picked up on it. And away they went — grifters, dips, strong-arms, all the fast-coin boys anxious to shake the heat.

Trouble was, there wasn't a chick among them. The guys sat around in togas with buttons off, holes in their sandals, and letting their crew-cuts grow. Drag-racing chariots was okay for awhile, but the winners got tired of snuggling up to olive wreaths. And those GI cooks were murder.

“Lookie here now,” they told Romulus. “We tap for taxes, you got to come on like the lonely hearts. Like dolls, man.”

Now Romulus dug dolls, too. He had a garden full of them, and dug up one or two every night. Only he

never could get used to the mud between their toes.

He brained the idea, and liked the community property angle. Romulus already had a head tax going for him, and he figured why not look at it from another end.

“Grab your tablet,” he told his secretary, “and a Bromo for me. Take a letter to the Sabines over on knob hill. But just take it to the door. I got other plans for you this afternoon.”

Well, Romulus tried to play it straight, offering Joe Taitus free tickets to the drag races, a cut of

THE CHICKS YELLED LOUDEST BEFORE THE RUMBLE, OF COURSE.

the Colisseum take, and a reserved table at the palatium on Saturday nights.

The head man of the Sabines put him down. Joe wanted the olive wreath concession, too, and thought Romulus might as well throw in the toga cleaners protective association.

Romulus flipped. He jumped into his chopped chariot and worked off his mad by burning rubber from the mayor's office clear down to the Ap-pian Way. Blew the gaskets right out of two overhead valve horses.

Then he decided to play it cool. Being as how this other Latin hadn't invented the telephone yet, Romulus just yelled across to his mouthpiece, Sam Consus. This Consus cat didn't get all the ticket-fixing trade because he had a draft through his ears. This boy could think up a storm.

He advised Romulus to invite Joe Taitus and the Sabines over to a hop, touting him in with some jazz about discovering the Maiden's Lost Altar — a case still open on the blue boys' rap sheet. Joe thought he said something about maidenform hal-ters, and those, he dug. Or tried to.

Joe came running; he brought along his marked deck, four pairs of topped dice, some young muscle he was breaking in, and five hundred and twenty-seven Sabine chicks. He thought if Romulus's doll-dry mob took a good look at all that merchandise, they'd toss their boss out on his clavicle.

But Romulus had other ideas. Old Joe Taitus was only halfway his first roast ox on the half-shell when Romulus turned loose a flock of turkey buzzards for a signal. He'd had them disguised as deaf-and-dumb Mynah Birds, so Taitus wouldn't suspect anything.

Well, you know what a bunch of turkey buzzards can do to a party. Especially since some of the Sabine babes looked pretty much like turkeys, anyhow, and some were kind of stiff and cold from Romulus's homebrew.

The rumble was on. Romulus's heavies jumped up with these chariot chains, switchblade battle-axes, zip spears and petrified olive pits. So they wouldn't get mixed up, they all wore black leather togas with eagles on the backs. Only some of the eagles kept trying to fly home with the boys.

Now the Sabine gang did alright, even caught with their wreaths down like that. One of the young muscles got his sword stuck in his new quick-draw holster, and was so upset he hit Joe Taitus with an ox leg by mistake. Old Joe just smiled

and hit him back with the rest of the ox, gravy and all.

Anyhow, the Sabine bunch fled the scene without taking time to get that ox leg out of Joe's ear. When they got back to their own side of town, they found they were exactly five hundred and twenty-seven chicks short.

Joe couldn't take this lying down. He couldn't even take it standing up, because he kept banging that ox leg into posts. He put out the word for all his boys, meaning to go back and waste Romulus's whole city.

This took time, because a lot of the Sabines were out throwing rocks at a bunch of deaf-and-dumb Mynah Birds trying to con turkeys out of their freezers.

Meanwhile, back at the palatium, Romulus's mob was making out like Sal Mineo at a home for wayward grandmothers. The Sabine chicks were all running around yelling rape and keeping hammerlocks on the guys they'd picked.

At least, five hundred and twenty-four of them were. Three of the Sabine dolls were kind of near-sighted, and had feathers all over the place, trying to hang onto some pleading turkey buzzards.

Romulus hid out behind the juke-box to think things over. He figured Joe Taitus would come gunning, so he sent a runner over to the East Side, to tell Percival Lucumo he wanted to see him.

Percy had a little outfit over there — The Clam Chowder, Knitting Fraternity & Mafia Marching Society. He owed Romulus a favor. Seems Percy's old lady stewed up olive pits in the chowder one night instead of clams. Romulus sent over a jugful of clams already so stewed they thought they were oysters, and were straining themselves trying to turn out pearls.

Now Percy had a buddy named Caelius, a ward-heeler from the docks precinct. He owed Percy a favor for telling him the clams were really olive pits. He'd been wondering what happened to his front teeth.

So Percy and Caelius went over to lend Romulus a little muscle.

All this time, the Sabine chicks and the Romans were orgying all over the place—giving kerosene hot-foots, founding the first nudist colony in a wine vat, trying to fix a fight between Victor Mature and six lions — stuff like that.

One toothless old lion with foggy bifocals got carried away and gummed hell out of the gladiator before somebody pointed out his mistake in the script. He apologized,

saying he wasn't cut out for character parts.

Over on the bandstand a wild combo was taking off on Maxinius the Short Sword, and a cross-eyed bongo drummer was making do with a pair of skins he'd found.

The skins belonged to two plucked turkey buzzards who'd got caught in a badminton tourney down by the wine vats. They were hollering like everything, but the bongo man just hollered back, "New sounds, man!"

This Sabine chick named Zsa Zsa Gabonius was doing a toe dance. That ain't easy, with GI boots. All in all, the orgy was a big success, as orgies go.

The last ones to go home were a toothless old lion that kept complaining a certain gladiator had fouled him by biting on the break, and a pair of two-toned turkey buzzards.

Joe Taitus finally got his army together, and looked around for a nice place to rumble with Romulus. He decided on a hill called the Tarpeian **arx**, deserted homestead of Marx the Arx.

Man, this mob came on like Pietro Gunnis, because they were ready. Here it was the height of the olive oil season, and they were short one thousand and fifty-four pit-picking hands, not counting Zsa Zsa Gabonius, who could strip olives with her big toes, too.

Romulus's gang drew up just this side of the Palatine River, where they had a stockpile of loaded clams and a stable of snapping turtles trained to bite flats into chariot wheels.

Trouble was, these turtles could not tell a chariot wheel from a fat toga. So there were a lot of pudgy Romans jumping up and down and waiting for it to thunder so the turtles would turn loose and let them back into the fight.

Joe Taitus had troubles, too. There was this platoon of Romans wearing helmets with horse's tails on them, and the Sabines bet their swords on the favorite. This wasn't a bad idea, since this particular tail had won its last three races.

But the winner — with a new track record — was a mangy old lion with his bifocals on backwards who thought somebody was trying to hit him with milk bottles and crossed the finish line in reverse.

Well, Joe broke that up, soon as the bookie paid off, and led the attack on the Roman line. It wasn't easy, because he had to keep wallop-ing guys who wanted to sprinkle him with catsup. He hadn't been able to get that ox's leg out of his ear, and

Continued on next page

RAPE OF THE SABINE

Continued

they thought he was a free lunch counter.

The battle went first to the Sabines, then to the Romans, while a bunch of bedraggled turkey buzzards cheered for both sides to lose.

Along about the eighth round, both mobs ran out of gas. They just sat there and looked mean at each other until they got their wind back.

Then what do you figure? Here come the disputed chicks, led by Zsa Zsa Gabonis and the cross-eyed bongo drummer.

"Knock off this rumble," Zsa Zsa said. "You're waking up the kids."

Sure enough, you could hear five hundred and twenty-seven kids yelling murder, and Joe Taitus didn't have to get rigged answers to tell him whose kids they were. He'd been to an orgy or two himself, you know.

Since it was like all in the family, he shook hands with Romulus, and they made a deal to take turns being big wheel.

Joe Taitus got along fine until he got took for a sacrificial lamb one

night, and this high High Priest did him in with a rusty meat cleaver.

Romulus got cranky in his old age, and some senators and union chiefs wasted him, sprang in the middle of the new capitol building.

Since some of the old mob might not like this, they whittled Romulus into sixteen-ounce strips and smuggled him out under their togas, like so many skinny herrings.

Well, as the old boys said: **argumentum ad verecundiam**—which as anybody can see, probably started the whole thing.





Mr. Aaron "Scotty" Spears makes a most worthwhile contribution to this issue by photographing the ten outstretched fingers of Carol McBee opposite page and the ten entangled fingers of Harriet Russo, above. A well-known model's agent, Mr. Spears has chucked the field to devote full time to his photography work.

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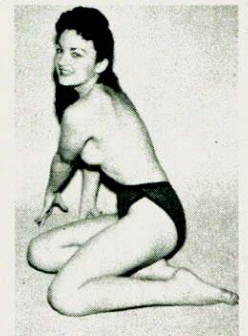
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